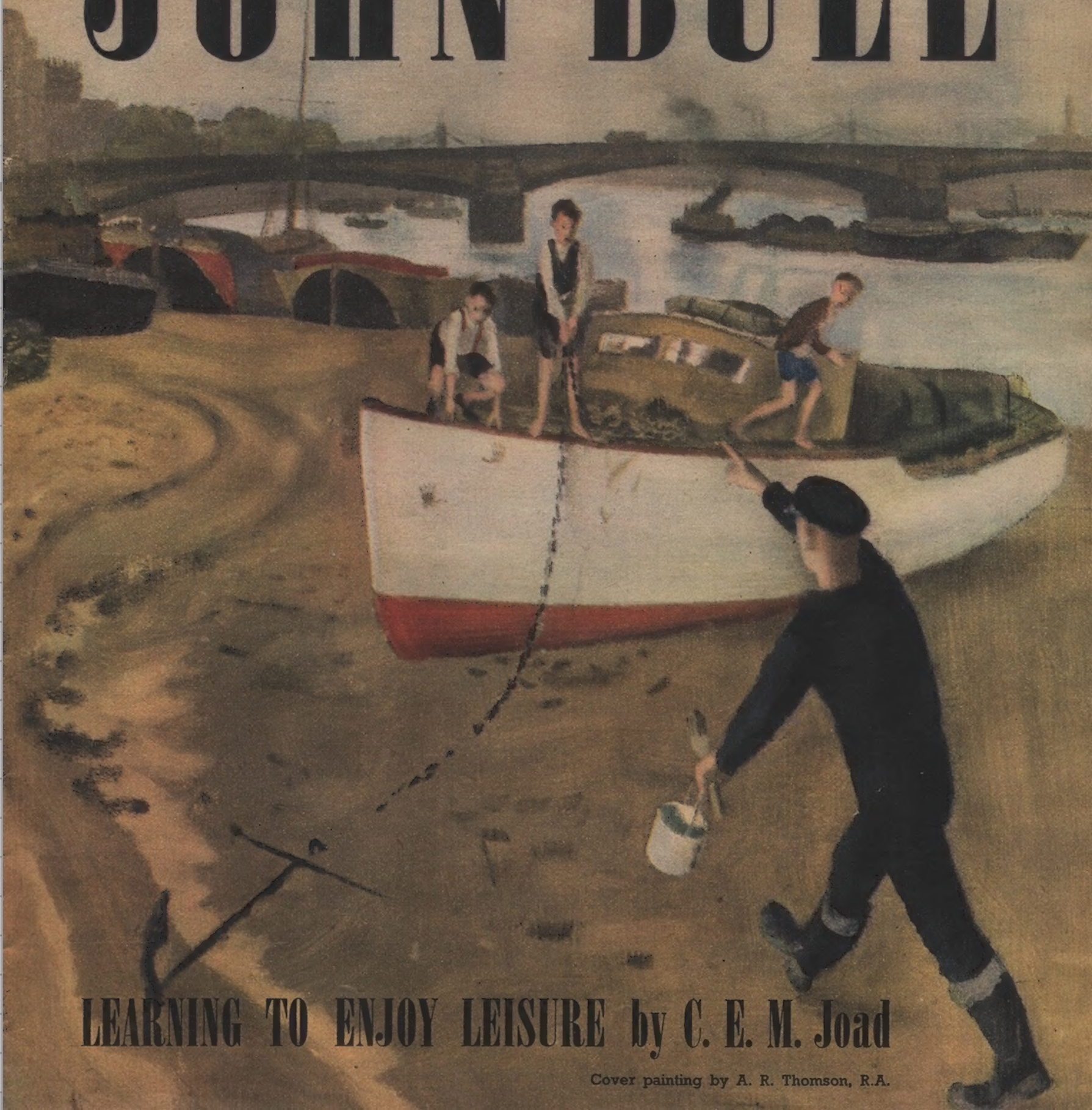
Week ending May 3 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



LEARNING TO ENJOY LEISURE by C. E. M. Joad

Cover painting by A. R. Thomson, R.A.

QUICK COOKING
for busy days

Busy Spring-cleaning days call for dishes that are easy to prepare. If you have a large *thick* frying-pan, you can save time and trouble with recipes for which you might normally use the oven. The following suggestions use either no fat, or less than for ordinary fried dishes, and you don't have to stand over the pan all the time they're cooking. *All spoons level, all quantities for four*, and all recipes kitchen-tested.

Pan HOT-POT

1 dessertspoon plain flour, ½ pint water, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 8 oz. cooked cubed root vegetables, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch of pepper, 4 oz. chopped cooked meat (corned beef, sausage or canned meat may be used), 1 lb. cold sliced boiled potato.
Blend the flour with a little of the water in which the extract has been dissolved. Put the rest of the water on to boil, add to the paste, return to the pan, add the rest of the ingredients and cover with a layer of sliced potato. Put a saucepan lid or large plate over the frying-pan, allow to cook over a very low heat for 10 to 15 minutes.

Pan BREAD PUDDING

3 oz. plain flour and 1½ teaspoons baking powder or 3 oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon dried egg, dry, pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons water, ¼ pint milk, 2 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 2 oz. any dried fruit, chopped, ½ oz. cooking fat, 1 tablespoon sugar.
Mix the flour, baking powder if used, egg and salt well together, add the water and milk and beat well. Add the crumbs and fruit. Melt the fat in a thick frying-pan, pour in the mixture and spread to an even thickness. Cook over a very gentle heat for 15-20 minutes. Turn very carefully and continue cooking on the other side for a further 10 - 15 minutes. Serve sprinkled with the sugar.

Pan SCONES

8 oz. self-raising flour or 8 oz. plain flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 oz. margarine, a bare ¼ pint milk.
Mix the flour, baking powder if used, and salt together, rub in the margarine. Mix to a soft dough with the milk. Turn on to a floured board and roll out to ¼" thickness. Cut into 8 rounds or triangles. Well grease a thick frying-pan and cook over a very slow heat for 15-20 minutes until golden brown, turn and brown on the other side.

Pan CORNED BEEF FRY

4 oz. diced corned beef, 1 lb. mixed cooked vegetables, diced, 1 lb. cooked mashed potatoes, seasoning, ½ oz. cooking fat.
Mix together the beef, vegetables and potatoes and season well. Melt the fat in a pan and spoon in the mixture. Fry for about 10 minutes turning on all sides; finally, allow to brown.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.169) M.F

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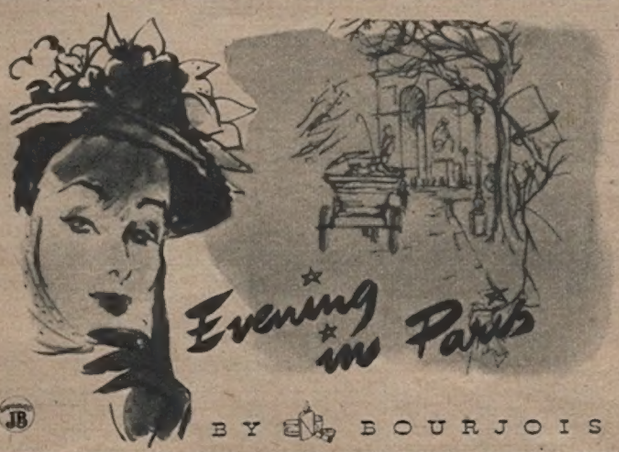

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MAY 3, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2131

The New Spirit

THIS WEEK'S MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS have a new and happier meaning.

For many years May 1, Labour Day, was a date for demonstrations by the working classes in token of their continual struggle against the employing classes. It was a day symbolizing bitterness as well as idealism.

Today, with many social injustices removed and a national economic crisis threatening, Labour Day has been turned by its organizers into part of the national crusade for greater production.

That this should be possible is symbolic of the better relations between employers and employed. It is also evidence of a new spirit in organized labour, which is gradually turning from the old defensive restrictions on output to a new and timely policy of greater effort for the common welfare.

For it is vitally true today that the reactionary and obstructive trade union official, clinging to out-of-date ways and ideas, can be just as much a menace as was the old skinflint, slave-driving industrialist.

Fortunately, there is, in this historic week, every sign that the labour organizers are moving with the times.

What of the third party in modern industry—the Government? We urge upon Ministers the necessity of seeking always for real incentives to offer people in return for the hard struggle to rebuild our prosperity.

It has been the unhappy duty of this Government to impose and continue many austerities and downright hardships. It must not prove beyond the ingenuity of Mr. Attlee and his colleagues to devise compensations.

The new and hopeful spirit of this year's Labour Day should be maintained.

Build for the Future

SOMETHING WHICH MATTERS to us all is happening in the "blitz city" of Coventry.

So badly is Coventry damaged that it is proposed to rebuild the whole city centre and to have a new cathedral adjoining the spire and other remains of the ancient one. To design this new cathedral no less an architect than Sir Giles Scott has been called in. His plan is bold and original. It looks forward to the needs of the future, and yet preserves what Goering's bombers left of the past.

But a controversy is now raging in Coventry because some of the citizens want everything put back, architecturally, just as it was before the war. One of the leaders of the objectors is eighty years' old Sir Alfred Herbert.

Now, with the greatest deference to Sir Alfred, this is not a question which should be settled by men of eighty. It should, in the last resort, be settled by the young people, with their lives still before them, who will work and play in the atomic age around the walls of Coventry Cathedral.

They will not seek to build up an imitation of the past, either in architecture or in anything else. They are looking ahead to a future in which cathedrals, like newer inventions, are in tune with the times. This is why the case of Coventry Cathedral is important to us all. If the old gentlemen have their way there, they will certainly try to get it all over the country, and much of the rebuilding of Britain will be spoilt. We cannot allow this to happen.

There is no need to be "futuristic"—but let us, for heaven's sake, build for the next hundred years, not the last.

Emigration Today

THERE IS A SUPPRESSED boom in emigration. That is, a lot of people would like to make a fresh start overseas if only they could get the necessary papers, resources and transport. Theirs is a perfectly healthy urge—the same pioneering urge, after all, which created the great Dominions during the last century.

Postwar restlessness, too, affects thousands if not millions of men and women who have seen the world and know that you don't have to live in a place just because you were born there.

On the receiving end, the Dominions want British immigrants, as long as these are skilled workers with either brain or hands. The old demand for immigrants with capital is less heard today.

The question everyone asks of the would-be emigrant nowadays is not "How much have you got?" but rather "What can you do?"

Should this potential emigration boom be encouraged, even though Britain can ill-afford to lose any of her skilled manpower? The Dominions will answer "Yes." If they can't get British labour they will have to take what they can elsewhere.

From the British point of view the answer must at present depend on the individual. Is he prepared to work hard enough and make sacrifices enough to overcome all the obstacles in a new country? Still more essential, is his wife ready to back him up?

Intending emigrants must remember that they will be embarking on something which is no longer romantic. Frontier days are over in most places. An industrial worker from Britain is going to mind the same machine and live in much the same way overseas as he did here.

Emigration today is not a stampede to Paradise, but a sober switch from one sphere of hard work to another.

Removing a Grievance

MOTOR VEHICLES, it may at last be hoped, are to be taxed on a sensible basis.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is at least ready to consider it, and discussions are already going on.

The present system of a heavy horse power or cubic capacity tax is bad because it is unfair to vehicle owners and it hampers the export of British cars.

It is unfair because it takes no account of how much a motorist or lorry owner uses the road. It hampers exports because it forces our makers to turn out little cars which foreigners don't want to buy.

A heavier petrol tax, which is proposed as an alternative, would be regulated by the amount of car use actually enjoyed by each motorist. It would remove the grievance of motorists who have to pay full tax although their petrol, and therefore their mileage, is still rationed.

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LET'S "GO GET" THOSE DOLLARS

by HARRY HOPKINS

We need dollars. The way to get them is to fill American shops with goods labelled "Made in Britain"—goods that have that little something the others haven't got

"THE PROBLEM OF MAINTAINING our standard of living," said the chairman of Lloyds Bank recently, "has become almost entirely a problem of securing dollars."

Can't we secure them from the obvious place—not by another loan, but by selling to America in a big way? So far, we haven't been so good at that. We've been buying forty-two per cent of our imports from the dollar countries: selling them only fourteen per cent of our exports.

In 1930 the notorious Hawley—Smoot tariffs killed nearly two-thirds of our export trade to the U.S. Last month the spokesmen of the Truman Administration went to the International Trade Conference at Geneva prepared—with the wary support of some Republican leaders—to negotiate a progressive lowering of U.S. tariff walls.

This could be our chance. A recent U.S. Tariff Commission Survey estimates that Britain's pre-war market in the United States could be trebled. The average American has at least twice as many loose dollars in his pocket as in 1939.

Can't we get our cut of them? I have been asking the men who do our business with America—and, on the whole, have been quite encouraged by what they've told me.

Whisky Tops the List

Easily number one dollar-earner of any single British export is Scotch whisky. In fact, in pre-Lease-Lend days we paid for American war imports almost wholly in Scotch whisky—£10,500,000's worth of it crossed the Atlantic in 1940. Last year our U.S. sales were half that — which comes to about half our total whisky exports.

In their cellars and warehouses the distilleries have 85,000,000 gallons of whisky stored away, which works out at more than 600,000,000 dollars. Couldn't we ship that little lot across the Atlantic and change it into dollars almost immediately?

We could—but in doing so we should kill the Scotch whisky industry. For, since the distilleries have been either shut or running at fractional capacity for seven years, those stocks—already down to half prewar—cannot be replaced.

Having drunk up all the Scotch in the world, the world would forget what the stuff tasted like. For a flood of dollars now we should sacrifice a steady and increasing dollar income in the future.

From Prohibition repeal in 1933 to the outbreak of war—by which time Scotland was making one-seventh of all the spirits consumed in the U.S.—Scotch whisky's U.S. sales-curve rose steadily. A peak-price article, Scotch never attained a mass sale over there, but the U.S. demand for wines and spirits has gone up forty per cent since 1939. Obviously, our distilleries could rake in the dollars—if the supplies were available.

In their absence there's some danger that "American Scotch" and "Scotch Type" whiskies "fabricado in Argentina" will get a hold. And that's why our exporters are reluctant to put up their export price of between five and six shillings a bottle, which is already well above their home untaxed price of 4s. 1d. Not long ago Strachey spared them 50,000 tons of barley and the distilleries started up again. This barley will make 5,000,000 gallons of whisky, ready for export in 1955 at the earliest.

So for the present it looks as if the verdict here has to be: Scotch whisky is doing a good job keeping our trade flag flying over there—but its prospects of bringing in the dollars still depend very much on our own food situation.

There's always the comforting thought of those 85,000,000 gallons "in the bank."

It seems odd that, though America has her own massive textile industries, Britain's cotton, wool and linen mills are among our leading dollar-earners. I asked an important textile exporter about this.

"The fact," he said, "is that to turn out first-class textiles you need really skilled men: and so far America hasn't bothered about that. They haven't produced anything that compares with our top-class stuff—maybe they *could*, maybe they *will*—but so far they just haven't. So they come to us."

And, arising out of these accepted facts, this exporter—just returned from a 10,000-mile survey through the U.S.—had an idea. "America can make utility dresses and so on as well—or better—than we," he said. "Right. Then why don't we import our utility fabrics from the U.S., thus freeing a section of our textile industry to concentrate on high quality specialized products for the U.S. market?"

Demand Big, Supply Small

Since the profit on our luxury exports would be higher than the Americans' profit on our mass-produced imports, we should make dollars on the transaction.

This exporter reported that the demand for British high-quality clothing and footwear in the U.S. was immense—but the quantities reaching the shops were "pathetic." Nowhere in New York, he said, could you buy an English broadcloth shirt. It seems clear that if we could get the men and women behind the machines we could treble our dollar earnings from these sources tomorrow.

Here our designers and researchers are the key men. The American buyer cannot resist something which is new, attractive, different. In the I.C.S. laboratories experiments are now in progress on the development of a new synthetic fibre, "terylene," which can be spun in dozens of different ways. A discovery like this could enormously increase the export strength of our textile industry.

From the Dalton-Cripps angle, our fur trade is ideal. The world's greatest fur-producing country

Two of Britain's major dollar earners: blended whisky being barrelled from vats; and masterpieces from British collections being sold at Christie's

is Russia. The world's greatest fur-consuming country is the United States, paying in dollars. And for many years Britain has been the world's principal fur go-between—taking her profit in dollars.

In 1937 we exported furs worth £3,000,000 to the U.S. But the war shifted the world fur market to New York. Now, with the great asset of the British Hudson's Bay Company squarely behind them, our fur merchants are trying to rebuild their export trade.

"Since the first postwar fur auction in London last October, we've been very pleased with our progress," Mr. H. W. Chadwick, chairman of the Fur Trade Export Group, told me. "We're hoping to get the bulk of the trade back again to London."

Principal dollar-earning fur today is Persian lamb, followed by white fox, squirrels, kolinski and ermine from Russia.

In the "Trade and Navigation Accounts of the United Kingdom" you will find an odd item between "cork manufactures" and "druggists' wares." It is "curios." Follow the dotted line and you will see that in 1946 we sold to the U.S.A. "curios" worth no less than 8,086,000 dollars. The American trade figures are more specific. They say that in 1943, the U.S. bought from Britain works of art dating from before 1830 worth 883,031 dollars; maps and music more than twenty years old worth 200,000 dollars; and original paintings and statuary amounting to 68,435 dollars.

The fine art trade, in fact, ranks among our first six dollar-making industries. In recent years American millionaires have not been spending with quite the same fine abandon—peak years were 1927-29—but earnings swollen by war bonuses and overtime have brought into existence a new race of middle-class antique buyers. Enormous quantities of Dresden china and Victorian silverware and porcelain—regarded by the best Bond Street dealers as rather beneath them—have been making dollar-earning voyages across the Atlantic in recent years.

Dealers Cut Us Out

But our antique dealers have a grievance.

Mr. Frank Partridge, the Bond Street dealer, who has a branch in New York, told me that before the war London was the fine art centre of the world. It was constantly replenished by British dealers from the Continent. To London came all the clocks and tapestries and the rest to be restored by British craftsmen. And to London the American dealers came to buy.

Today, however, controls prevent the British dealers from importing from Europe. The American dealers are developing the unfortunate habit of travelling around there making their purchases direct. Their dollars are going elsewhere.

It is remarkable how consistently the Bond Street—Savile Row note, the thread of high quality, runs through our American export list. From whisky to fine textiles, from clothes to antiques, from antiques to breeding animals.

Animals actually brought in the useful sum of 818,000 dollars last year. A single Shorthorn bull was sold for 58,000 dollars to a Missouri rancher; and a few weeks ago two British thoroughbred horses between them gave us 120,000 dollars. Heifers commonly sell to America at 8,000 dollars apiece; sheep at from 600 to 80 dollars; pigs from 400 to 120 dollars.

"Britain has no real competition in this line," Mr. Trevor Garbett, formerly of British Livestock Exports, Ltd., told me in his Leadenhall Street office. "No other country has anything like our number of pure herds. They've been used to improve the native breeds in half the countries of the world." And though America is believed to be planning to build up her own pure herds, too, that needn't worry us unduly yet.

Even when we come to that former Cinderella of our U.S. exports, the British Film, quality—at last achieved—is beginning to tell. Last year our films made us ten million dollars; yet, with a few exceptions, didn't get the big block bookings.

But things have been moving. We are making more films—and better films. *Great Expectations* has been accorded the rare honour of a showing at New York's huge Radio City Music Hall. Several U.S. companies are going in for big-scale production over here. There have been a number of Anglo-American distribution tie-ups.

This year, estimates Mr. Steve Miller of the J. Arthur Rank U.S. organization, Rank films should make 20,000,000 dollars compared with five and a half million dollars last year. "And that isn't just guess work," he told me. "They're doing that business already."

Target For Our Films

Our dollar income from films is definitely going to shoot up this year—but just how far it can go will depend on our producers' success in expanding to the Cripps 1947 target of sixty to eighty full-length films, in face of chronic shortages of studio space, electricity, timber, plaster and raw film stock.

Nevertheless our film industry may yet prove as powerful a sales aid for our goods as Hollywood has been for America's. And it should certainly help to bring more and more American customers over here to do their shopping in person.

Though half a dozen industries take an easy lead, a large proportion of our total dollar income is contributed by a wide range of relatively small exports which have only one thing in common—their exclusive quality. In the last year of peace these included orange marmalade (255,000 dollars); pipes (307,000 dollars); furniture, mainly period reproductions (177,000 dollars); sewing and darning needles (1,168,000 dollars).

Last year our pottery and glassware brought us in 10,400,000 dollars. And it can earn us a great deal more in the future, for it is generally admitted over there that no other china has quite the same combination of daintiness and sturdiness.

Much, too, is to be hoped for from our jewellery and silverware manufacturers, for whom the Board of Trade has fixed a 1947 export target of £3,900,000—compared with £800,000 in 1938. Before the war the U.S.A. was taking thirty per cent of our silverware exports.

But in the months since the war there have been a good many things we've been selling over there for no other reason than that the Americans just couldn't get them anywhere else. We've even sold them loads of vacuum cleaners, radiograms, electrical apparatus and motor cars. Sir Miles Thomas, Nuffield chief, believes we can go on selling the cars, particularly the eight-horse-power models. "They will be bought by 'two-car families' as second cars for local journeys and shopping excursions," he says.

Comb gives finishing touch to a fur. Biggest fur customer: U.S.A. Major go-between: U.K.—meaning dollars for us

Others, eyeing the price of British cars which most Americans, anyway, regard as quaint toys, are less sanguine, although they feel the prospects for our motor cycles and bicycles, which we really do know how to make, are brighter.

But today, just shipping across anything we happen to be able to turn out won't do any more. The "sellers' market" in the U.S. is coming to a rapid end. Henceforth we're going to have to study the needs of the American market, design our products for it, and sell them in face of the most skilled and intense competition in the world.

And this is something we have never really tried to do before. Before, we have been content to dump our stuff on a New York agent and leave it all to him—although it has been calculated that if that agent were to set out on a selling tour and spend a bare week in each town in the country, it would take him thirty-six years to get round.

This is where the Hambro Plan comes in. Elaborated by Mr. Olaf Hambro, head of the century-old London merchant banking house, the Hambro Plan's basic idea is that the United States is not one market but nine—and that we will never do any good unless our product and our sales campaign is specially designed to suit each region.

They Now Buy British

Just what a lifesaver the Hambro Plan could be to dollar-starved Britain was strikingly demonstrated during the war years, when the Hambro Trading Company of America was formed to operate a "pilot scheme" in Texas. The formula applied closely followed American patterns: on-the-spot market research with a good sample of the goods; repacking locally to conform to regional tastes: regional advertising campaigns developing exclusive branded products, and a good follow-up service.

Hambro's made an alliance with the big Dallas merchant house of S. H. Lynch, who allocated two divisions of their showrooms to British goods. A showroom trailer was sent out on a ten-week circuit through West Texas. The result: more than two hundred towns in the zone now stock British merchandise compared with ten before. And in seven months the Hambro method sold twice as many British motor cycles in Texas alone as had been sold in the whole U.S.A. in ten years.

Now the Hambro Company is establishing its headquarters in the booming port of New Orleans, from which it plans to feed an increasing flow of British goods up the vast Mississipi valley. It is preparing for an "invasion" of the Middle West and California, which enormously increased in population and wealth during the war years.

Across the Atlantic live 135,604,000 potential customers whose pockets are bursting with the dollars that we need. They are enthusiastic spenders. And they have been reared in the faith that "Made in Britain" is the highest hallmark of quality. For years their "Upper Ten" have been our regular, satisfied customers. Now the millions will buy, too, if. . . .

There are three "ifs."

If we really take the trouble to "sell" to them as *they* expect to see things sold.

If our master-craftsmen, designers and research men keep down to the job of giving us articles which "have a little something the others haven't got."

If, over there, the voice of the U.S. Department of Commerce, asserting that America can't quadruple her exports without increasing her imports, prevails over the frenzied outcry of the nation's economic illiterates. U.S. tariffs need to be kept down.

That last "if" is the most formidable "if" of all. The outcome of the International Trade Conference at Geneva may give us a glimpse of the answer.

Each week in this feature J. B. Priestley sums up on topics of general interest raised by John Bull readers

Priestley's Page

Q. "Should people whose intelligence is almost nil be allowed to vote?"

YES, if political democracy is to survive. Stupid citizens live in this country just as clever ones do, and may suffer more than the clever ones from governments they dislike. And they, too, have a desire to express themselves politically.

On the other hand, they are greatly influenced by their more intelligent and articulate neighbours. It has never been seriously suggested that very stupid persons should lose their votes, but it has frequently been suggested, from the time of John Stuart Mill onwards, that persons who proved (by some form of examination) that they gave their minds to political questions should have more than one vote. (Actually graduates of the universities in this country already have two votes.)

But in point of fact people with really strong political interests have in effect more than one vote each because it is they who sway other people, less informed and less interested, and bring their votes to one side or the other.

If, however, more and more obstinate halfwits began to arrive at a voting age, then the outlook for political democracy might soon be dim.

Q. "A word we rarely hear now is 'ambition.' Are people less ambitious than they used to be, and, if so, is this good or bad?"

I AGREE that we hear much less of "ambition" than our grandfathers did, and it is extremely likely that there is less ambition about than there used to be.

I find it hard to decide whether we ought to be pleased about this or not. This country could certainly do with plenty of ambitious young people at the moment, though I suspect there are more of them around us than we imagine. (And, in spite of all our talk, are they now being offered the opportunities they deserve? I doubt it.)

There seem to me to be two kinds of ambition, one good and the other bad.

The good kind is simply a determination to succeed in some special sort of work, chiefly by giving to that work all possible time, attention and energy. This might be called "a directed ambition," and as it makes for good work, for splendid creation and execution in the arts, for vital discoveries in science, for new inventions and the like, it is clearly something we must have to make any progress or even to keep our civilization at all.

But there is another kind of ambition that seems to me dangerous, doing more harm than good. This is a generalized and undirected sort of ambition, simply to get on and be important and boss other people about, to grab power and then keep it.

This kind of ambition may be possessed by people who have forceful characters and quick, shrewd minds, but as a rule they have no special skill or talent, and the danger is that they may easily become unscrupulous power-seekers. (Most of the Nazi leaders were glaring examples.)

As economic and social life becomes less sharply competitive, as grinding poverty vanishes, there ought to be less of this dangerous generalized ambition, but there is no reason why there should be less of the other kind, which simply encourages a man or woman to try to excel in his or her particular field.

Q. "Do you think that public taste guides manufacturers or that manufacturers guide public taste?"

THOUGH I cannot pretend to have much direct evidence, I imagine that it works like this:

Intelligent manufacturers in the first place are influenced by the cultivated taste of a very small section of the public. These manufacturers in turn, by putting on the market products new in design and colouring, then influence the taste of the much larger public. Once this has happened, the more commercial manufacturers step in to flood the market with products in this particular style, which by this time is probably thoroughly debased.

It would be interesting to follow the history of a style from the time when it was adopted by a tiny group of artists or decorators to the time, perhaps thirty or forty years later, when routine or debased examples of it may be found in any boarding house or suburban villa. Consider, for example, what happened to the William Morris style or to Cubism.

It should, of course, be the duty of manufacturers who have some sense of their responsibilities to be ever on the alert for fresh, pleasing, original styles, and to do their utmost to guide the taste of the public towards these styles.

Q. "Which country would you like to visit most of all if you could go today—and why?"

HAD I the time and were I free of commitments, I should like to go to China. For this preference I have many good reasons.

I have never been there, and I know that it is quite different from any country I ever have visited. On the other hand, I have met many Chinese—and have several Chinese friends—and I find them a people with whom I get along very well: I like their quick intelligence, their patience, and their excellent sense of humour.

I have a great admiration for Chinese art in various forms. I am extremely interested in ancient Chinese poetry and philosophy. But in addition, I should like to know more of contemporary China, and to obtain a glimpse of where it might be going in the future.

Unfortunately, all this would take far more time than I can spare at present.

For a short visit, my preference is for Sweden. I feel the Swedes have solved certain social-cultural problems that are still troubling us; I should like to discover how they have done this.

Q. "Most of us agree that coloured men are our brothers. Yet mixed marriages are regarded as a disaster. Why this contradiction?"

A VICIOUS circle—this. Mixed marriages are regarded as being a disaster because everybody is sure mixed marriages are disastrous just because it is common knowledge that mixed marriages are a disaster—and so on and so on.

Or put it another way. In many communities, half-caste children have a bad time, and so may often turn out badly, simply because there is a widespread prejudice against them and not because there is anything really wrong with them.

It is, in fact, the prejudice that creates the disaster, and it is not the disasters that have created the prejudice.

Where people are passionately race-conscious, mixed marriages are not likely to turn out well, for there is too much against them and too heavy a price has to be paid for them.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that all this talk and prejudice in favour of pure races is so much pure fiddle-de-dee. There is much to be said in favour of mixed marriages and mixed races.

Moreover, colour-prejudice is by no means an old instinctive thing but is a comparatively recent development, encouraged largely for economic and political reasons, to keep the coloured folk "in their place."

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Private View of Gandhi

SAINTLY POLITICIAN

CERTAINLY THE MOST important Hindu in India and virtually dictator of the Indian National Congress, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi is not even a four anna member of it. He resigned at midnight, October 28, 1934, as a protest against corruption within the ranks of the party, but has never relaxed his grip.

Today, as he has done for the last thirty years, he influences every major decision. His reaction to Britain's flow of offers represents the blind obedience of 250,000,000 Hindus. Britain is lucky because Gandhi is about the greatest Indian since Buddha, greater if adjudged as a unifying and correcting force, a politician, mystic and intellectual. He is waiting merely for death to acquire the status of a deity.

Born into the Vaisya (merchant) caste on October 2, 1869, at Porbander, a small native state in the Kathiawar Peninsula, Gandhi was brought up by his mother in the strict observance of the vegetarian and ritualistic Hindu code.

His mother's passionate devotion affected him greatly and once when he tried eating meat—because somebody told him that meat-eating made the British a ruling class—the act nauseated Gandhi and that night he dreamed of a goat bleating inside his stomach. The only cigarette he smoked drove him almost to suicidal remorse.

He never told a lie during his childhood. He married at thirteen, went to school and university in India, then to London to study law.

In London at nineteen and already six years a husband, he wriggled free of his mother's apron strings, went gay, learned dancing, bought a dress suit for £10 and spent ten minutes every morning in front of the mirror fixing his tie. He was called to the Bar in 1889, then returned to India in 1893 to practise.

Early efforts ended in failure—he was too shy to cross-examine his first witness—so he turned to South Africa for another start. There he prospered. He became leader of the Indian colony and, as the years slipped by, became more and more involved in its scramble for civic rights. After some twenty years with a faint aureole for wisdom and altruism beginning to shape over his head, he abandoned a lucrative practice and devoted himself to poverty and non-violence. In 1914 he returned to India and joined the Indian National Congress.

Begun thirty years previously by Allan Octavian Hume, an Indian Civil Service official, Congress was then beginning to stimulate interest, though virtually it was hardly any more effective than a debating society and it served more or less as a safety valve for verbose patriots.

Gandhi electrified it. His word swept the country. Membership of the party increased by millions, and with it the scale of their demands from a tentative "Home Rule" to "Independence" and "Complete Independence."

GANDHI'S career has since been linked with the history of the Congress Party, the affairs of which he has conducted by a sort of remote control via messengers, either from jail or the monastic sanctuary that disciples refer to as "High Command."

What succeeding viceroys have learned is that there is no key to Gandhi's character. A wise old crow, quite startling to look at when he smiles, with an old metal watch dangling about his left hip because his loin cloth carries no pocket, Gandhi looks like a walking skeleton about to step out of a turkish bath.

He is picturesque and knows it; he owes much of his prestige to publicity and the gullibility of the illiterate and he behaves as a Hindu thinks of a deity—self-determined, capricious, irresponsible and unpredictable. Of his inconsistency he once said: "I am inconsistent. Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, and I have a large mind." He is inflexible on matters of principle, yet wonderfully subtle on minor details.

Gandhi's humanitarianism is extended to all. There is a touch of masochism about it with a little of the scapegoat complex, where he sees himself led along sacrificially to atone for the sins of others. It partly explains his fasting, which he has also used as an effective instrument in bargaining, as a publicity stunt, and because he believes it to be a method of rejuvenation.

Over the last thirty years there have been nine big fasts which have rested his digestive organs for something like seventy-five days. For months lately he has left off solids altogether and exists on burra pegs of orange juice and hot water laced with glucose and green coconut milk. He now finds goat's milk far too rich.

For all his asceticism and will power, Gandhi is said to be scared of his wife, Kasturba, yet his courage has all the conviction of mystical philosophy. Rather than take a life he is prepared to give his own. Once a cobra slid up to him and lifted its head to strike. Others present were frightened out of their wits and a young disciple ran up with a stick. Gandhi waved him away and sat motionless, waiting. Then the snake changed its mind, lowered its head and coiled over his skinny, brown legs and back into the bushes.

Gandhi has always planned his life. At Sevagram (Village of Service), a hutted colony five miles from Wardha on the Bombay-Nagpur railway, his day begins at dawn with a call to prayer. Breakfast is eaten with the men and women of his ashram squatting face to face on straw mats.

After breakfast the Mahatma takes a walk and there is usually keen competition among the girls to accompany him. Then he has a bath, followed by an oil massage. Lunch is from eleven till twelve, after which he gives interviews.

AT four he joins in an hour's communal spinning. Dinner is at five o'clock. After dinner he walks again and settles down later, on a mattress with a bolster behind his back, for the real work of dictating to his pretty Sikh secretary, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, whose duties extend from cooking, laundry and latrine cleaning to negotiating the Mahatma's interviews with the Viceroy.

Monday is Gandhi's day of silence, when he converses by writing his wishes on little slips of paper, or by sign language.

Now, realizing that India will never emerge as a solid nation unless Hindus and Moslems agree to live in peace together, he has undertaken to bring this off or fast unto death if he can't.

Recently he set out in the third-class carriage of a special train, with the green, white and orange tricolour of Congress dipping from out of the window, and accompanied by two almond-eyed nieces, two smartly dressed lady doctors, a secretary, his English disciple Miraben (Miss Madeline Slade), a team of choristers and a staff of high caste Hindu cooks. Ninety-one pieces of baggage consisted of harmoniums, bathtubs, account books and massive iron treasure chests for donations to the Untouchables' Fund. He begs personally with a cereal tin for that cause; once last year, it took forty tellers to count the takings at Madras that amounted to £40,000.

In mainly Moslem districts Gandhi asked for the police guard to go; he was never molested.

He started a peace march through the stricken areas of Eastern Bengal, into the veritable bees' nest of Moslem terrorism. He is to be seen today, padding along the narrow paths by flooded paddy fields, from village to village.

For the Hindus he has words of good counsel; for the Moslems a message of peace. Truculently they listen at first, then expand to his warmth and magnetism. Together they pray for peace. The Mahatma will, in the end, be invited to spend the night in the house of a Moslem. He has even been asked to step inside the impenetrable sanctuary of the zenana to address the women folk.

Elders of the village accompany him through the cheering crowds to the boundary, where they exchange an emotional farewell. Reluctantly they watch him go, with his head bowed and his eyes on the ground a few feet ahead, with his trusted disciples persistently on his heels and a murmuration of urchins trailing behind.

DENNIS HOLMAN

BRING THE BLACKCOAT EXILES HOME

by CYRIL JAMES

After seven years working out of London, thousands of Civil Service "evacuees" now demand to go home. Public expense and private hardship strengthen their case

Ministry of Pensions, Blackpool. Civil Servants fear their "temporary banishment" may become permanent

WORKING UP SYMPATHY for Civil Servants is rather like asking admiration for the man who comes to cut off the gas. Civil Servants, however hard-working or efficient, have never attracted public affection.

Yet it might be a good thing if we all re-examined the case of the unhappiest Civil Servants in this country—the thousands who for the last seven years have been exiled from their homes and families and still work in seaside towns where they experience the twin misfortunes of being overcharged and unwanted.

These blackcoats in exile are costing the taxpayer an enormous sum in rents for expensive requisitioned property, loss of efficiency following the scattering of departments, inflated travelling and postage bills, and the subsistence allowances paid to all evacuated Civil Servants.

The logical question is: "Why not bring them back to their own homes and to the offices where they used to work more cheaply and more efficiently?" But logic has a way of getting lost in the labyrinth of departmental policy.

Nearly two years after the end of the war, we have the spectacle of these men and women still in their evacuation positions, not only without any "repat." date but also with the dawning fear that possibly they may never be allowed home at all.

It is a sharp shock to realize how many ministerial departments are still evacuated wholly or in part. I make the total about fifteen—and here are some of them: Post Office, Customs, Transport, National Insurance, Pensions, Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, Food Ministry, Works, Inland Revenue, and Agriculture.

Air attack was the reason for dispersal. It was necessary to remove the departments to remote places not likely to be troubled by the enemy. That often meant expensive seaside resorts and spas. Inland Revenue shifted to Llandudno; the Admiralty to Bath; the Ministry of Food to Colwyn Bay; Transport, Customs and Pensions to bracing Blackpool; the Post Office Savings Bank to Morecambe and Harrogate. Small central staffs remained in London but the rank-and-file of the Civil Service was scattered in 1939 or early 1940.

Up and Up Goes the Bill

Accommodation was never cheap in these places. As the luxury hotels were stripped of their trimmings and turned into offices, as the thousands of staff moved into boarding-houses, the bill for the taxpayer started to swell. It has gone on swelling.

In general, Civil Servants under thirty-five went direct to the Forces immediately they were called up. This rule applied also to those in the "executive belt" who were under thirty. So a typical blackcoat exile emerges something like this:

He was upwards of thirty-six when war broke out—a married man with two children. Like most Civil Servants of his age he was a careful, saving sort who, if he had not already bought his own house, was well on the way to possessing it.

Suddenly he was transferred to Blackpool. Instead of being at the Thames-side office where he had worked so long, he found himself at a trestle-table in a requisitioned hotel. He knew very well that it was part of the Government's original plan that his wife and family should not be allowed to join him. Indeed, he found various obstacles put in the way of a family reunion at Blackpool. But as time went on he realized that nothing could ultimately stop him bringing over the wife and family if he could manage it financially.

Finance was the main worry.

Because of the threat of the blitz, he had found some difficulty in letting his house in London. But when his family came north he stored his furniture and let the house for 24s. a week on a three- or four-year lease.

He Was Out of Pocket

Furnished accommodation at Blackpool was costing him between three and four guineas a week. Towards this the Government contributed 21s. a week subsistence allowance (not until a few months ago was this allowance increased to 31s. 6d.), so, on the whole, he found himself about two pounds a week out of pocket.

He followed the blitz news with special interest because, if his house happened to be destroyed, his guinea extra pay would be stopped. The Treasury had decided that this meant he had no second home, and would not be entitled to draw the allowance.

If his family remained in London he was allowed to visit them twice a year free of charge, and twice at single fare. He knew there was no allowance available if they wished to join him. His war bonus rose slowly to its present level of 30s. a week, but on average over the war period it was 10s. a week.

Pressure of work on Civil Servants increased as more and more people went into the Forces. Disruption of routine, separation from other Civil Service departments, personal worries, loss of home comfort—these were additional troubles.

And life at Blackpool, Morecambe, Harrogate, Llandudno or such resorts wasn't too easy once landladies began to realize that in taking in Civil Servants they were, perhaps, missing the revenue they might reasonably expect from war-weary holiday visitors.

But as the war neared its close, the Civil Servant thought: "Soon I'll get back to my home in London, thank goodness." And his landlady could murmur, "I hope so, I'm sure. Nice family—but think of the people that will want to spend their holidays here when this is all over." Now it *is* all over. Yet the Civil Servant and his family still linger on in that seaside boarding-house and the prospects of their return to London seem to be receding.

One unexpected difficulty is that since the Civil Service evacuation centres were set up, departmental work has expanded and considerable numbers of temporary Civil Servants have been recruited locally. Return of the department to London might create quite a serious local unemployment problem. Some of the temporary Civil Servants would be willing to come to London if once the Government would declare its policy regarding its attitude to temporary Civil Servants as distinct from the permanent staff. But on this point the Government is as silent as the Sphinx.

To the blackcoat exiles a more ominous fact is that the Government seems to incline towards the permanent dispersal of the Civil Service from London into selected provincial centres.

Ideally this would seem a sound scheme. One of the motives behind it was to encourage young people leaving school to join a Civil Service department in their own locality, rather than make the difficult pilgrimage to London as the one and only promotion Mecca of the service. A young man in, say, Sheffield, who wished to make a career in the Post Office Savings Bank, might find its headquarters in his own city.

A Sound Plan—in Theory

What has happened is that many of these out-of-London positions are being filled by permanent Civil Servants who have to live in makeshift sites. Instead of the scheme operating for youngsters leaving school, the country is being scoured for temporary clerks who, at best, are dissatisfied with their conditions and, in any case, might be better employed in more productive industries.

And the Chancellor of the Exchequer has outlined plans which suggest the continuance of the dispersal system. It is likely, for instance, that the Post Office (Accounts and General Departments) may find its ultimate home in Chesterfield.

Must the men and women who have been "exiled" since 1940 continue to pay inflated rents, put up with indifferent service, strive to keep some

string-hold on the London homes they had bought with life-savings—only to be told that London is "out of bounds" permanently to them?

Permanent dispersal plans, as drawn up at Whitehall, seem to have little practical application to local conditions. For instance, it was decided that the Post Office Savings Bank evacuated staff should move to Nottingham. About one third of the temporary office buildings required had been erected when it was discovered that Nottingham hadn't enough living accommodation.

The cause of the blackcoat exiles is being fought by the Civil Service Clerical Association, whose officials are beginning to fear that Whitehall may be lapsing into a policy of drift regarding their "absent brethren."

When the war ended the association took the view that since so much house and office property had been destroyed in London, it was reasonable to expect a delay in the return of the evacuated Civil Servants. But time has gone on . . . and on . . . and no firm announcement has been made on a matter which affects about 9,000 men and women and their families.

"Human Guinea-pigs"

L. C. White, secretary of the association, is insisting that the evacuated Civil Servant must be granted the basic right of any soldier overseas—the right to know when he may expect to return home. He summarizes the demands of members like this:

Are we coming back to London or not?

Is the dispersal scheme part of a sociological movement to stop the sprawl of London? If there is to be a general dispersal, well and good. But if we are being selected as human guinea-pigs in the experimental stage, then we object.

If a large part of the Civil Service is definitely to stay out of London, give us a guarantee that the operation will not be decided on until we have houses to live in, schools, shops, proper offices, community centres.

In the meantime, instead of spending thousands of pounds on temporary hutments, why not erect temporary offices in bombed-out London sites?

Most of us have our own homes in London. Temporary offices in London would be the best interim measure while any general dispersal scheme is being worked out.

So far, there are no answers to these questions.

Meanwhile, the largest aspect remains—the cost in hard cash and wastage of effort at a time when manpower ought to be utilized to the fullest possible extent.

Thousands of pounds are being paid for requisitioned hotels. This operation cuts both ways, since it places an additional burden on the taxpayer and deprives hotel proprietors of revenue from holidaymakers. Subsistence allowance continues to be paid out regularly to the evacuees. Streams of officials travel between London and distant departmental offices—at public expense.

Mars Their Efficiency

Postage and courier service are extremely heavy. Telephone bills mount, since inter-office talks imply trunk calls over hundreds of miles. And London rates of pay are being given to thousands of Civil Servants in the provinces.

Finally, there is a grave and inevitable loss of efficiency at a time when the tasks of the Civil Servants are heavier than ever.

Substantial cuts in Civil Service personnel are being announced. Here is a chance to increase efficiency and reduce costs by pleasing the workers and granting them what they consider simple justice.

We must bring the blackcoat exiles back home.

Popular pastime of the popular philosopher is hockey, though, in general, Dr. Joad displays some disdain for the practice of "whacking little round bits of matter with long thin ones"

LEARNING TO ENJOY LEISURE

by C. E. M. JOAD

These days, declares Dr. Joad, too many of us are content to be at the receiving end of entertainment; few of us make our own pleasures. Here is his recipe for having a good time—the art he claims we have lost

DURING THE GREAT FREEZE, the ponds on Hampstead Heath—and this, no doubt, was true of scores of ponds all over the country—were hard enough for skating.

But the frost was accompanied by snow. It thawed and froze again; and the surface of the ice was so rough that skating was for the most part impracticable.

It would have been a simple matter, involving no more than an hour or so's work by a couple of men, and possibly the use of a hose, to flood the ponds at night, so that in the morning there would have been a fresh virgin surface of smooth ice to delight the skater.

A simple and obvious measure one would have thought! A measure which in Switzerland or Sweden would be taken for granted, a measure which would pay generous dividends in the happiness of hundreds, even thousands. But in London it never occurred to anybody.

No instructions, it appeared, had been issued by the L.C.C., or the Parks Committee, or whatever be the name of the remote and reactionary authority that looks after London's open spaces and waters. And the reason? That in England we have not learnt to make the most of simple and inexpensive pleasures.

At present, we think of amusement as something for which we pay; that is to say, we pay somebody else to do for us the entertaining that we cannot do for ourselves.

To crowd through clicking turnstiles, to gape at photographs that speak and sing, to turn the knob of the wireless set, to put a record on the gramophone, to observe dogs or bicycles gyrating round a track, to hurl our bodies through the air in cars or planes, in switchbacks or down water-chutes, to whack little round bits of matter with long thin ones in the shape of cues, clubs, racquets, mallets, bats and sticks—these, for most of us, constitute the accepted notions of leisure-enjoying and fun-getting.

All involve the expenditure of money; some—going to the dogs, for instance—may be very expensive indeed.

The time has come to consider whether we might, by taking thought, learn to tolerate and even to enjoy our leisure by dint of our own unaided efforts and so emancipate ourselves from the helpless dependence on machines and other people. For helplessness always costs money.

I have spoken of Hampstead Heath. Why is it that nearly two years after the end of the war, we permit large areas which were taken over for military or A.R.P. purposes during the war to remain fenced in and denied to the public?

I do not know, any more than I know why we have permitted the military to earmark for their use more than a million and a half acres of glorious scenery ranging from Dartmoor to Ullswater, from the Lulworth cliffs to Ashdown Forest and the mountains of Breconshire.

Apparently we rate at little worth the pleasures of walking and scrambling up mountains; of lounging on cliffs and gazing out upon the sea; of

He's a rambler, too, and wondem why we are prepared to see rural amenities "filched" from us

Drink? "In France there's a choice of a dozen different drinks. Here, no choice even among beers"

country sights and sounds—the pleasures that can be had for the asking and without paying.

Apparently we are prepared to see them filched from us through the destruction or denial of the conditions in which they can be enjoyed without raising a storm of protest about the ears of the military and civil authorities.

And touching wild scenery, what about the Pennine Way, which stretches 150 miles from the Peak District to the Border? For the expenditure of a few hundred pounds by the Treasury and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, this could be set aside and kept inviolate for the use of young people with pockets as light as their hearts.

Our attitude here adds to the evidence that as a nation we know comparatively little of the art of living. Others have learnt to extract pleasure and even beauty from little things; the French, for example. Indeed, most of the superior amenity of life in France derives precisely from the Frenchman's ability to enjoy himself easily and inexpensively.

First, drink. Go into a French estaminet and you will find yourself presented with the choice of a dozen different drinks from beer to wine, from wine to aperitifs, from aperitifs to brandy; there is even an array of delicious syrups for teetotallers —and other children.

Now Take Our Pubs—

In nine English pubs out of ten—and this, mind you, is not merely a war or a postwar disability—there has for years been no choice; there has been only beer. Today, there is no choice even among beers—not that the absence of variety is of any importance, since all the allegedly different kinds taste alike.

Now many people dislike the taste of beer—almost all women hate it. For my part, I have never known a woman who liked beer, though I have known many who pretended to, in order that men might think that they were good "fellows."

In hot weather, when one's throat is dry, beer is an admirable drink; drunk in cold weather and in cold blood it sits heavy upon the stomach. Although to all intents and purposes beer is our only drink, it never occurs to anybody to heat it, or to mix it or to spice it or to put nutmeg in it.

In February and March, when Britain was an Arctic country, it never occurred to any publican to keep hot water in the bar in order that he could give hot drinks to those who wanted them—hot rum or hot whisky.

And before I leave the subject of pubs, I have four further questions to ask: (1) Why must we drink vertically? Why aren't we allowed to sit down? (2) Why can't we get food with our drinks? (3) Why can't we take our women and children? (4) Why can't we go to a pub whenever we want to?

So Different in France

Now, consider the pleasures of a French cafe; the pleasure of sitting for hours at a table, if one wants to, drinking one's coffee and watching the crowd go by; the pleasure of sitting on the pavement under a brightly coloured awning; the pleasure of eating with one's drinks; the pleasure of sitting with one's family, if one wants them; the pleasure of being able to enjoy all these pleasures at any hour of the day and most of the night.

Compare all this with our gloomy and ill-lit pubs, with their lines of solitary and savage drinkers gloomily toping in solitary silence, or of over-hearty jovial drinkers, spending, in treating one another, the money of which they are depriving their wives and children at home. Meanwhile, the wives and children are having a glass of milk or a cup of tea and a bun at a tea shop. . . .

Take another pleasure that we once enjoyed but have now lost, the pleasure of singing and particularly of singing in chorus.

In the days of the Tudors and the early Stuarts, England was a land of music and song. Even in the Victorian age, ladies sang ballads in the drawing-room and gentlemen roared choruses over their drink.

For "the others" there was the music hall from which originated and spread a great glory of popular singable songs, whose melodies were so marked, whose rhythms were so lilting, that our own impoverished age is driven again and again to revive them because it has none of its own.

The last war but one produced a reasonably good group of singable songs, but with the last war the tradition came to an end. Now there is nothing—nothing but crooning and swing and the remnants of jazz, none of which lends itself to carefree whistling and singing by people with very ordinary voices.

Now, the fun of singing consists not in the fact that you do it well, but in the fact that you do it for yourself and so express your personality, and do it with your friends and so enjoy the feeling of comradeship. Singing is an active putting out of oneself, not a passive receiving, like listening to the gramophone or turning on the wireless.

With singing in chorus, I rank the pleasure of reading aloud. For the pleasure of reading aloud, which is great, is different from the pleasure of reading to oneself, precisely because it is a shared pleasure. The Victorians were great readers-aloud. They would start on a three-decker novel and read it night after night in the family circle. They would make appointments with their friends to attend and take their part in the reading.

I once knew a man who, during thirty odd years of married life, listened to the whole six volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* being read to him by his wife while he was shaving in the morning.

Now the family circle is broken up and our lives are too fragmentary to give the assurance of a regular group meeting, say for two or three evenings a week, to "go on with the book," with the result that another pleasure which costs little has gone by the board.

I hope I shan't be accused of mounting a hobby-horse if I end with a word on the pleasures of food, and the reminder that these are dependent not only upon the materials supplied, but upon the way in which the materials are treated; upon, in fact, cooking.

I suppose that the need for food and drink is the most primitive—it is certainly the most punctually recurrent—of all our needs.

In satisfying it we spend, or with care can spend, some two and a half to three hours a day. In fact, between one-fifth and one-sixth of our waking lives. Assuming our lives to be seventy years long and our waking lives to be forty-seven, more than eight years of our waking lives are spent in shoving solid and liquid substances through an ugly little hole that opens at the bottom of our faces.

What could be more bestial? What more absurd? The animals who share our needs do no less. Yet man has had the wit to turn the satisfaction of a need into the practice of an art and has found in the cultivation of the flavours of the palate one of life's most abiding satisfactions.

As recently as the eighteenth century Dr. Johnson could still say: "Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or of pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." For "a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner."

Why Not Cookery Conscripts

In our own time we have forgotten these things. For this our women who cook badly or not at all are largely responsible. In peacetime they did not cook so much as warm up food that they had bought ready prepared in boxes and tins. When the war came, we paid the penalty for our neglect. Today we have to make do with rationed scraps and our meals are miserable indeed.

If I had my way, I would conscript every young woman from the ages of eighteen to twenty for courses in cooking and household management. If we have to conscript young men that they may be trained in the art of increasing efficiency in human slaughter, why not young women that they may be trained in the art of increasing human happiness?

Now the art of preparing food conforms to most of the conditions laid down in this article. It is something we can do for ourselves; it is inexpensive—we rate a cook a good cook precisely in proportion to the skill with which she produces her effects with sparse materials—it is extremely productive of pleasure; and it is a pleasure of which we have all too little in the present and are likely to have less in the future.

BREAK THE FOOD DEADLOCK (2)

WHAT'S STOPPING BERT, THE

by C

How can we grow more food NOW? In his

man who really understands "dirty-boot" farming gives the answer. A

for better results. We must give the farmer new hope. Above all he needs a straightforward lead. W

BERT was a stranger in town, but he didn't think it was obvious. Almost everyone in London is a stranger in one way or another. Every time I meet him we do the same things. We walk through the park, look at the Palace, go to the variety show in the Edgware Road, and sit in the little pub off Ludgate Hill where he growls every time he shifts his chair and tells me exactly what's wrong.

What *is* wrong—on that small farm of his, with his twelve acres of rough grazing, thirteen of pasture, and a dairy stock of ten cows?

You go down Whitehall, as we did, and meet whole squads of Civil Servants investigating agriculture like a bunch of generals investigating a previous war. They have been at it all my lifetime and to them a fat cow is a stroke of a pen on a sheet of paper.

You go into the House of Commons for a farm debate and hear M.P.s opening their mouths like gramophones, the tunes depending on where they happen to sit.

But you are still no wiser. And if you like to take a ride out in the country and ask the first farmer you meet whether he is making any money your answer may be a silence as uncomfortable as a toothache.

You meet a man at a National Farmers' Union lunch and ask him what it's all about. Before you tell him to stop talking like an editorial out of the *Daily Telegraph* you realize his nails are too well kept and the only thing to connect him with the land is a good tweed coat and a little dust on his tan shoes. He is a "hobby farmer."

The majority of farmers are the men you never see, who have not much more than fifty acres to their names. There are 334,000 Berts in the country.

The Berts are our farming backbone, and they can make or break us. Farming by instinct rather than by science, most of them look over their hedges and know that fifty per cent more food, compared with the best war production records, could be produced now.

Then why not? What's holding Bert back?

The answer lies in two tiny, significant words—*the past*.

The tragic history of farming runs like a kaleidoscope, backward through Bert's mind. He can't forget. It makes him cagey, suspicious, unwilling.

Something happened to Bert the farmer these last five years that he'll never forget. He bent in the field all day and he went into the kitchen at six o'clock with his knees feeling like rubber—hard going, but everything he produced sold at top price. And he paid off a lot of old debts. He burned some ancient mortgages.

"A lot different," said Bert, "from 1929." In 1929 he had been growing potatoes, and so had a lot of people. There was a heavy crop and the price sank to fifty bob a ton. He had to borrow from the bankers.

In 1931 he gave up a rather unequal struggle to grow potatoes, and so did a lot of people. There was a small crop and those that weren't smashed by the previous years made a small fortune. The price was £12 a ton.

Farming is one of the most dangerous occupations in the country.

In April, 1939, I sat in a room and heard the Agricultural Mortgages Corporation say that loans to farmers totalled £12,889,740, secured on first mortgage of 879,038 acres of land, together with farmhouses and buildings—a grand debt of over twenty million pounds. In 1939 two-thirds of the farmers in the land were living on bank overdrafts of one sort and another.

I went down to a Berkshire house and heard a man called Charles Hansen, then chairman of a big concern in the butter and bacon factory called Denmark, say that his bacon was pouring through our ports at the rate of two tons a minute.

Food for Britain—the food we'd love to have today and can't get. Bread three thousand miles by tramp steamer from Montreal! Mutton chops across eleven thousand miles of tossing ocean from Sydney! Beef steaks six thousand miles out of Buenos Aires!

Eighty-five thousand miles of tramp steamer routes, bringing home the grub and taking out the Coventry machinery and the Manchester cotton. While, down in Somerset, Bert scraped in and out of the "red" and lived by the grace of Barclay's Bank and the agricultural mortgage people.

What about it? Surely those times will never return? Bert can't make up his mind.

The Men, the Money

The first fact which worries him is labour. Over a period of six months in West Dorset, out of one hundred boys and girls who took jobs, only three went on to farms.

Then take the money question. Occasionally, prophecies do come true, and so far as farming is concerned one came true in January this year, when twenty-five Dorset farms reported a loss of a few hundred pounds apiece on the year's work.

At a time when we are getting two ounces of bacon a week the Government census of livestock last September shows we have nearly half a million pigs less than a year ago. Crop yields are dropping. A year after the war ended we lost two-thirds of our wartime increase in wheat acreage—one of the reasons for bread rationing.

Some pundit said the other day that at the

Cows give milk and milk is food. But the grim fact is that 200,000,000 gallons of milk are lost annually because of disease among dairy herds

FARMER?

AUD MORRIS

econd article of this John Bull series, a young
who work on the land must get more money—
nust put him in crisis mood to meet this crisis

present rate of food imports, and of our own farm production, rationing will be with us till 1949. Why? Why can't we grow more food at home, even grow it more cheaply? What's stopping you, Bert?

The realities of the situation are simple.

Bert, like all the farmers, came out of the war battered, weary and greatly in need of rehabilitation. He didn't feel the pressing need for production was there any more. The land girls packed their bags and went up to London. The prisoners came and worked—like prisoners. One of the cowmen came back, sheepishly poked his head through the kitchen door, and asked would any sensible man, even if he got a free cottage, work seven days a week in a Dorset cowshed when he could get as much money working five days a week in a Birmingham factory?

Strains and Sprains

Bert had faced the fact, long before, that farming is not an attractive affair, nor the milkmaid necessarily a pretty girl with round blue eyes. It's a business of strains and sprains and callouses.

The care of a cow calls for a seven-day week, and long hours worked in haytime and harvest. Haymaking may have merit as a spectacle—if you sit in the shade and watch Bert at it.

The House of Commons recently opened discussion on the new Agricultural Bill, which my morning paper tells me is going to be "the farmer's bible." No doubt it's a good Bill, needed before agriculture can become efficient.

Something like forty per cent of the dairy herds in the country are riddled with tuberculosis, and the four worst diseases of dairy cows reduce our annual production of milk by 200,000,000 gallons. Only forty per cent of the cowsheds in one milk-selling area recently surveyed were satisfactory. Only forty-four per cent had water laid on, and only twenty-eight per cent had adequate cooling facilities. Loss through diseases in poultry costs four million pounds a year.

But to Bert there is only one vital issue—this year's crops. The promised land, handsome as it looks, is still to him a land of promise.

Today Bert needs something a good deal quicker and less cumbersome than a file in a Whitehall drawer. He needs leadership.

Nowhere in the country today is there any apparent inclination to grapple with the job of producing more food in the immediate future. Nobody has even taken the trouble to convince Bert that there *is* a crisis in food.

Yet if we put food production up by ten per cent this summer we would save sixty million pounds worth of foreign currency that we desperately need.

We would slash the country's bill for food from abroad. We could put Bert and those like him back on their feet.

Can it be done? It can!

We must do it—because the truth is that when war ended we made a tragic mistake on the food front; we relaxed effort at home, and at the same time, overseas imports instead of getting easier, got more difficult. The result is a hungry Britain in a starving world.

The farm worker on his tractor is today's commando in the battle for food; fields like this are the cockpit

Now how do we get that magic ten per cent of food which will make all the difference to our larders and our pockets in the next few months?

The basis of the farming system in Britain is still not promises from Whitehall but the prospect of a profit. Bert nods his head approvingly when he listens to a good radio speech about the future of farming. But it is the fat stock prices that drive him into the market town to hire a man or buy a couple of yearlings.

It was the motive of immediate profit, plus the spice of the war drive, that made farmers in wartime produce from thirty-two million acres of land what would have required fifty-four million acres previously. Why stop now? Couldn't Mr. Tom Williams get on the air and tell Bert that the dirty-boot farmer is the nation's sweetheart once again!

Give Bert the right to farm and give him the cash to farm. Give him the right to live himself and pay a decent wage. Tell all the disgruntled farm workers they can have their rise in pay provided they work with Bert to produce ten per cent more food on every acre, everywhere. Make them understand their future is not being handed to them on a silver platter—they'll have to bend for it till their backs ache.

The result? I can see the result on Bert's face the next time he walks up No. 7 platform at Paddington. He'll be grinning like a proud papa about his fifty-five acres. He'll talk about the twelve new gilts. He'll stamp his foot on anybody who mutters the word slump. He'll point a leathery finger at the middlemen in Covent Garden and tell the Government to get a move on with the inquiry they have started into food marketing.

When farming prospers, everything else does. A trite phrase, but very true in the history of a country where thousands of inspiring speeches haven't yet altered the cost of a slice of bacon. And Bert, the forgotten farmer, doesn't like being patronized. He prefers being paid.

Here, then, is the answer to growing more food at home.

We want to get those thousands of square miles of neglected land back into production. The way to do it is to offer a better financial return for all who work on the land—master and man—and we can put our food production up by at least ten per cent this summer.

Then give us the plus of that indefinable something in our agricultural affairs that goes by the name of leadership. Tell Bert he is to get top priority for materials and men. Put him in a crisis mood to meet this crisis.

NEXT WEEK: *Rogues in the Market Place*

I WAS AN EMIGRANT (4)

Some say it should be U.N.O.'s job to ship emigrants to the New World. But the New World is "choosey," says Roland Wild, writing as a recent settler in Canada

SETTLERS OF TOMORROW

Close-up of a Canadian main street... Edmonton typifies Canada. So does the people's view: "Only the best sort of immigrant is wanted"

THE RURAL POSTMAN in the icy wilderness of Canada's Northern Ontario has got an assistant. For the past twenty years his route has been the same and the weight of his mailbag has hardly increased.

His round has been a strange one—taking him among one of the small communities of Dukhobors, "spirit-wrestlers" whose ancestors came to Canada, under the sponsorship of Count Leo Tolstoy, to escape compulsory military service in Tsarist Russia.

The Dukhobors, who number 30,000, have kept to themselves. They have not become Canadians, and they have not learned English.

Their church is as strong as their prejudices, and it was not surprising that the mailboxes at the end of their muddy lanes were seldom filled. Few mail order houses bothered to solicit their custom; and they seemed cut off from the land of their origin.

But today the mailbags—with the crown of Britain on them—are filled with letters from Russia. The Soviets are looking up their emigrants to the New World.

The emigrant as a world political pawn is no new figure in diplomacy of high or low calibre.

On the maps of global planners of empire, full attention is paid to the shaded portions in other lands where emigrants have settled, started their political newspapers with funds from home, organized their Old Country Weeks, and appointed leaders who will ensure that the spark of racial pride is not subdued by time.

But, except for Hitler's inspired fostering of the German Bund in the United States and in South American countries, no country has paid such elaborate court to its expatriates as Soviet Russia is doing at this time to her half-million people who form Canada's third largest racial group—outnumbered only by the British and French.

For the first time since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, a "cultural mission" has been visiting Canada. The group, sponsored by the Ukrainian Society for Cultural Ties Abroad, has visited towns and settlements, promoted "get-togethers" of a social nature, and taken care that even remote areas are fully reconnoitred and their inhabitants included in an elaborate round-up.

The mailbox technique is as effective. The letters to the independent and haughty Dukhobors are on one theme only—their ancient connection with Russia.

Still Part of the Fatherland

The exact site of communities is known by the senders. The full name of the present pastor is known and mentioned, and the letters trace with painstaking detail every major incident in the life of the emigrant's family, with names of relatives, friends, and people who might give the recipient a nostalgia for long ago.

The Canadian Government is interested in the phenomenon and, while giving such missions and ventures every facility, is bound to feel its policy towards immigration, even the "selective immigration" it favours, is affected by any transparent demonstration that the new arrivals are considered to be still part of their fatherland.

"We are too soft," said a Canadian official to me. "It's time we said Canada for the Canucks. Look what happened in the U.S.A. under toleration for all racial groups. No American really expected to see swastika parades and Hitler salutes in the big German centres of the Middle West."

So it was not difficult to imagine that Canadians would baulk at the idea of the United Nations running migration. The idea was cleverly put over, sponsored by great international figures who saw the problem as a great world jig-saw puzzle.

Here, they said, we have the only unprejudiced view. Here we can look at the empty lands with impartiality, we can assess the habitable parts of the globe, count the heads in the crowded lands, arrange the transport, promise security, and shift the world around a bit. Canada shall have ten million next year. . . .

Canadians said "no" in all unofficial questionnaires, and voiced themselves emphatically even when this argument was put: "Overcrowding, and its subsequent lack of opportunity, is a major cause of war. Canada is always pointed to when a global planner looks round the world for space for its cheated millions. So Canada can stop war. Open up!"

Tom Reid, a Western M.P., is vociferous in his denial that Canada has land for the masses.

"Wild stories are told," he says, "that Canada has untold land, but we haven't got great open spaces for fifty million or anything like it. As a fact, of the 168 million acres of accessible land in Canada, only seventeen to nineteen million acres are fit for agriculture. That's enough for 85,000 farms.

"Moreover, it has been a mistake in the past to allow people to come and settle as a group by themselves," says Reid. "They attempt to lead their own national life in Canada. We should be more careful than we have been in the past whom we let into this country."

"I'm Canadian Now"

Unexpected endorsement came to me from one of Canada's heroes, Henry Larsen of the Mounted Police, who has three times navigated the North-West Passage in his romantic patrol boat, the *St. Roch*.

Larsen, a Norwegian, came to Canada twenty years ago. From that day on he forgot Norway, married an Englishwoman in Vancouver, has a family he forbids to learn Norwegian, and studiously keeps away from any Norwegian "get-together."

"I don't think we ought to hang together like that," he told me in his Scandinavian accent. "I don't talk Epglish so good, but I won't talk Norwegian. I'm Canadian now."

Probably a part of Canada's distaste for

by ROLAND WILD

any sacrifice of her rights over immigration policy is due to her slight touchiness over all diplomatic matters.

It was only from January 1 of this year that the category, "Canadian citizen," appeared on census reports. Up till then, Canadians took justifiable umbrage because they had to describe themselves as "Canadian citizens of British origin"—or the appropriate country of origin.

The tardy recognition of Canada's nationhood in the Commonwealth, after two immense war efforts, urged her people to stress every aspect of the new deal, such as the honouring of the first baby to be born a "Canadian citizen," and civic ceremonies for investing prominent citizens with their new rights.

All this has a bearing on the lusty shout of protest in a Canadian accent which arises fairly regularly when some world-planner idealistically fills the holds of westbound ships with refugees.

There is another more materialistic foundation for Canada's fear of filling the vacuum of her empty spaces. It is the memory of her long ten years of depression and the fear of another recess.

In the west, particularly, the years of the doldrums were keenly felt, and it was in the lands most eagerly looked to for *lebensraum* today that men felt they were forgotten and trade slipped away. On the Pacific Coast angry and homeless men started the squatting fashion. In 1930, unemployed in Vancouver marched on the post office and demanded Government relief. All over Canada there were unemployed, starving in the midst of plenty.

The depression had come upon them suddenly, and there was nobody who could give them a valid reason. Over the great plains which fed the world there were hungry men. Farmers were giving the first impetus to the chorus which now swells into a national cry: "Don't give our jobs to foreigners! Ensure our living first."

It's a Boom Town Today

Today? These are prosperous times in Edmonton, capital of Alberta. From a plane circling round within three hundred miles I have looked down on farms where the tractors work day and night at harvest time, and where a farmer must think a long way ahead if he is to fill the grain elevators.

Edmonton is a town to be seen. Its wide streets are hot in summer, forty below in winter; and on a Saturday night you can hear every accent in the world and a man with any language could get himself understood within a block of the big hotel.

There is nothing much of culture in Alberta's capital, for if there were culture it would have to be in six languages, including Chinese.

But it is Canada, and it is the spirit of Canada which says: "Leave us as we are. We have left Europe far behind. We don't want any more people, and we don't want to be bothered with those big and dangerous humanitarian ideas for the refugees of Europe. We have left Europe."

The good living of today, the material wealth and the mechanical ease come as something natural to the Canucks, and they don't want to share the wealth with outsiders, though this is the home of the credit system that was something very like Communism in a very humane form.

"I don't see how it is possible to protect our standards here if we allow immigration," writes Paul G. Thomas to a Canadian paper. "Europe needs all her manpower now to aid in her own reconstruction, and anyway we have a lot of unemployed already."

In San Francisco, when there was an accident on the Golden Gate Bridge involving the death of fifty-three workmen, they needed thirty-five different religious services to bury the dead. In Canada, when the newspapers report an hotel fire with the list of the injured, there are names from every country in Europe and the East.

Europe a Bad Memory

The New World is peopled with the refugees from the Old World and their descendants. And Europe is still part of the bad and forgotten past.

They don't accept Winston Churchill's view, expressed in an article he wrote in the American *Collier's Magazine*: "Isolationism is no more! The Atlantic is no longer a shield. The Pilgrim Fathers could cross it in a day; but the troubles from which they fled and the tyrannies from which they revolted can follow just as quick. . . ."

My family and I did not fly from tyranny, but are we good immigrants, as distinct from emigrants? The distant pasture is still green, now that we have reached it. ***But a great deal depends on what we can do for Canada, and not what Canada can do for us.***

There is nothing more difficult than that in the whole viewpoint of the Englishman who looks at the red countries on the map today and wonders whether he and his family would "make a go of it" in a new world.

All this we see in the backcloth of Dali's famous painting of "The Emigrant," with his basket and his tearful wife as they look their last on England. They have given up a way of life, if they are wise.

But they have adopted, whether they go to the South, or to the New World, a new breadth of view and a new horizon.

The emigrant of tomorrow may be the most important person in the new scheme of things. In him may lie the future of the British Isles.

With my feet up

by Ian Fox

Down with 'em!

JUST IN TIME for the great day of the Workers of the World, May 1, I read the other day that a Hollywood company is to make a film denouncing Communism.

Within ten minutes of hearing this news, Ike Splitz, head of the Magnifico-Colossus Picture Corporation, sacked three executives, five producers, eight directors, ten actors, twelve actresses, sixteen writers and the office boy for not having thought of the idea first.

Then he called an immediate conference of the remaining writers and producers. "Why didn't *you* think of it?" Ike shouted at them. "That's what I want to know!

"People have been denouncing Communism for years and you bunch of nit-wits miss it. Why didn't someone tell me it was grand picture material?

"We won't let that crowd of addled eggs across the street get away with it. We'll be right after them with a picture that'll cost a million and blow Communism wide open.

★ ★ ★

"Wackenheimer, get on the phone to Moscow and ask Stalin how much he'll take to play the lead. What's that? Too old for the lead? Is he? Well get Tyrone Power for the lead and Stalin can play his father.

"I've got it! In this picture Stalin is the old diehard Communist and Tyrone Power, his son, makes a lot of money and don't agree with his old man, see? Runs away from home to join the Capitalist class. That'll give us a chance for some night-club sequences.

"Then Tyrone Power meets this Communist dame called Comrade Red Biddy. We'll get Lauren Bacall or Lisabeth Scott. It's a street-corner meeting—he heckles her and she bats him over the head with her hammer and sickle.

"Zowie, they're in love! She's been so tied up with the masses, see, she's never noticed any individual before. She falls for him but their ideals come between them. Strong stuff, see?

"Then . . . then . . . I've got it! We'll sign up that guy Lenin to play a mad doctor. This doctor is her father and he wants to operate on people's brains to turn Capitalists into Communists.

★ ★ ★

"He captures Tyrone Power and the boy thinks Red Biddy has deliberately lured him into her father's clutches to be operated on.

"So he calls her a dirty, double-crossing Red, and she don't understand what it's all about, so she's broken-hearted. Feminine interest—get all the women in the audience crying their eyes out.

"Then one night the dame goes into her father's laboratory and sees Tyrone Power just going to be operated on. She shoots her pop, and the two fall into each other's arms.

"So these two torn souls find love conquers all and especially love with private enterprise.

"Gee, we'll knock that other picture cold. And you boys have certainly produced a fine story—you can all take a five-hundred-dollar raise."

as I was saying . . .

by Herbert Hodge

"TOO GOOD" FOR THE JOB

THE OTHER DAY I was glancing through a collection of nineteenth-century letters (a shilling *Pelican* that my wife had just brought home) when my eye caught the sentence: "I allow of no writing for the poor."

It was in a letter dated 1801—from Hannah More to a bishop.

Hannah More, of course, was the woman who committed the terrible crime (or what was considered by many to be a terrible crime in 1801) of setting up a few village schools in her neighbourhood for the children of the "poor," and putting that invention of the devil, a spelling book, into their hands.

She was careful not to go too far with it. As she herself says in this letter: "I allow of no writing for the poor. They learn on weekdays such coarse work as may fit them for servants." (On Sundays, of course, they learned about religion.) "My object is . . . to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety."

Even so, she was bitterly denounced by her well-to-do neighbours. Hence her appeal to the bishop.

As she says in another letter: "When I set up our schools, I was considered by the farmers, and even their betters, as the greatest enemy of their country. 'We shan't have a boy to plough or a wench to dress a shoulder of mutton,' was the general cry. . . ."

Just as I was enjoying that early nineteenth century titbit, the postman knocked, bringing me some twentieth century letters—among them a batch from JOHN BULL readers.

In the first one I opened, I read this: "I am a heavy worker by trade, driving a cement mixer, but I hate it . . . for I know that any man that can neither read nor write could tackle my job."

Well, there was a picture, rounded and complete, spanning nearly a hundred and fifty years. Here was the working man, now educated to the level of his "betters" and, as a consequence, hating his job.

Someone's Got To Do It

All my sympathies are with the educated cement mixer, though I'm not at all sure he's right. I know exactly how he feels. I've done similar jobs and had similar feelings. Because he possesses a certain literary ability, he feels he's too good for his job. So, sometimes, did I. So do millions of us.

But what are we going to do about it? One thing is certain: the job itself has got to be done, and somebody's got to do it. The question is: who? It's no use looking round for chaps who can't read and write. We're all educated, nowadays.

The ideal way, I think, would be for us all to share the work—for my correspondent to come here and do half of my writing, for instance; and for me to put in, say, three days a week driving his cement mixer.

Does that sound callous and flippant to the chap who has to earn his living at the heavy job? I don't intend it to be. I don't believe it is. I think that what I'm saying goes to the root of the whole problem.

Those university chaps who propose to go coal-mining during their summer holidays, this year, are going to have a grand time; so, too, are those city clerks who intend to go working on farms. They're going to have the deep satisfaction of doing something *real*.

When I look back over my life and think of my finest moments, I don't think of the day when my first book was published, or the evening when my first play was produced. Did I feel good? No. I felt as if my stomach was being turned inside out.

My really glorious moments came of doing "real" things. I remember riding in a Canadian Pacific train, over a certain section of the track, and thinking: "*I* helped to build this bit of track." I remember standing in an English country lane, looking at a field of growing wheat, and thinking: "*I* helped to plant that wheat." I remember riding in a bus when the driver had to slam on his brakes to avoid an accident, and thinking: "*I* helped to fit these brakes."

I Felt That I Mattered

Those were the really great moments of my life; those were the times when I felt I was a man who mattered in the world.

I'm not saying that I enjoyed the hard and sweaty labour I put into those jobs. There isn't much pleasure in working ten hours a day with a pick and shovel, under a hot sun, on a railroad track. There's certainly no fun in spending the better part of your day underneath a bus, with a mixture of warm gear oil and road muck seeping down your neck. Besides, I was born lazy. I hate hard work.

But since life demands that these jobs shall be done—as the price of living—there's a great satisfaction in having done them, and done them well. The fact that I can also read and write hasn't made me too good for these jobs. It has simply helped me to enlarge my imagination, so that I can appreciate the value of such work.

And I would say to the literary cement mixer, the artistic ploughman, the intellectual miner: Don't think you're too good for your job. Your job is one of the most important in the country.

It isn't fair, of course, that you should have to do *all* the dirty and heavy labour. We've got to find a way of sharing it.

William Morris has sketched the society we ought to build in his *News from Nowhere*. In that happy England of the future, there's a man who goes round with a dustcart in the mornings, and writes novels in the afternoon. I don't know whether you'd call him a dustman who writes novels, or a novelist who collects dust. But who cares? He's a man living a full life.

That's the kind of England we want. Let's do all we can to build it. Meanwhile, we farsighted pioneers, we educated working men, must keep on digging that coal, ploughing those fields, and mixing that cement. There's nothing else for it. Without our basic labour, there can't be any life at all.

★ ★ ★ **Each week Herbert Hodge discusses some of life's problems**

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

Boots

OUR BOOT AND SHOE INDUSTRY faces a stiff fight. In 1913 we exported fifteen per cent of our total production, but rapidly increasing competition from the United States, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland reduced the figure to five per cent in 1935. By then, too, the bulk of our shoemaking machinery was American.

★ ★ ★

In 1935 we made 125 million pairs of boots and shoes, value £40,000,000. Our labour force was 116,000, one-third women. But increased output per worker had produced eleven per cent unemployment in the industry, wages were low, short time common. In 1939, however, our boot and shoe exports increased, totalling £6,000,000. They are now badly down again.

★ ★ ★

During the war our boot and shoe trade labour force fell to 69,000, but production per worker increased thirty per cent through the cutting out of all unnecessary styles. The industry supplied seventy million pairs of boots for the Forces, three million for Russia.

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Now, in the drive for quantity production, quality is still uncertain. Recently a pair of Utility shoes for a child, price 11s. 11d., was found to have heels made of compressed ice-cream carton lids.

★ ★ ★

The Council of Industrial Design has set up a Leather Design Centre to advise exporting manufacturers. One burning question is: Do women want high heels? As a reaction from wartime austerity, heels of absurd heights may become a world vogue. Trade terms are: Louis, three inches; Cuban, four; Parisian or Spanish, up to five. A Leicester firm has a patent for heels of tubular steel, very strong and slender.

★ ★ ★

There is a world shortage of leather. European supplies, which came principally from East Prussia, Poland, Rumania and Bulgaria, are now "moving eastwards." South American production is being swallowed up by the United States. But new leather-producing countries may help. In 1935, for example, a Yeovil firm bought 700,000 hides from Abyssinia.

★ ★ ★

Wartime research tried out many ideas seeking substitutes for leather. Old tyres, seaweed, compressed leather dust, and legal parchments were used. Products were tested by policemen, postmen and schoolboys. Wooden-soled shoes never caught on. After a fortnight's special window display one big store sold only twelve pairs.

★ ★ ★

"There is nothing like leather," for leather, being natural skin, breathes. Plastics, for all their excellent qualities, do not. For evening shoes, however, PVC (polyvinylchloride) may be the answer. We are exporting very smart and beautifully coloured shoes made from this plastic. Leather shoes are also being improved by research. No longer, for instance, will dyes touch only the surface, so that every scratch shows. Leather can now be dyed all through.

★ ★ ★

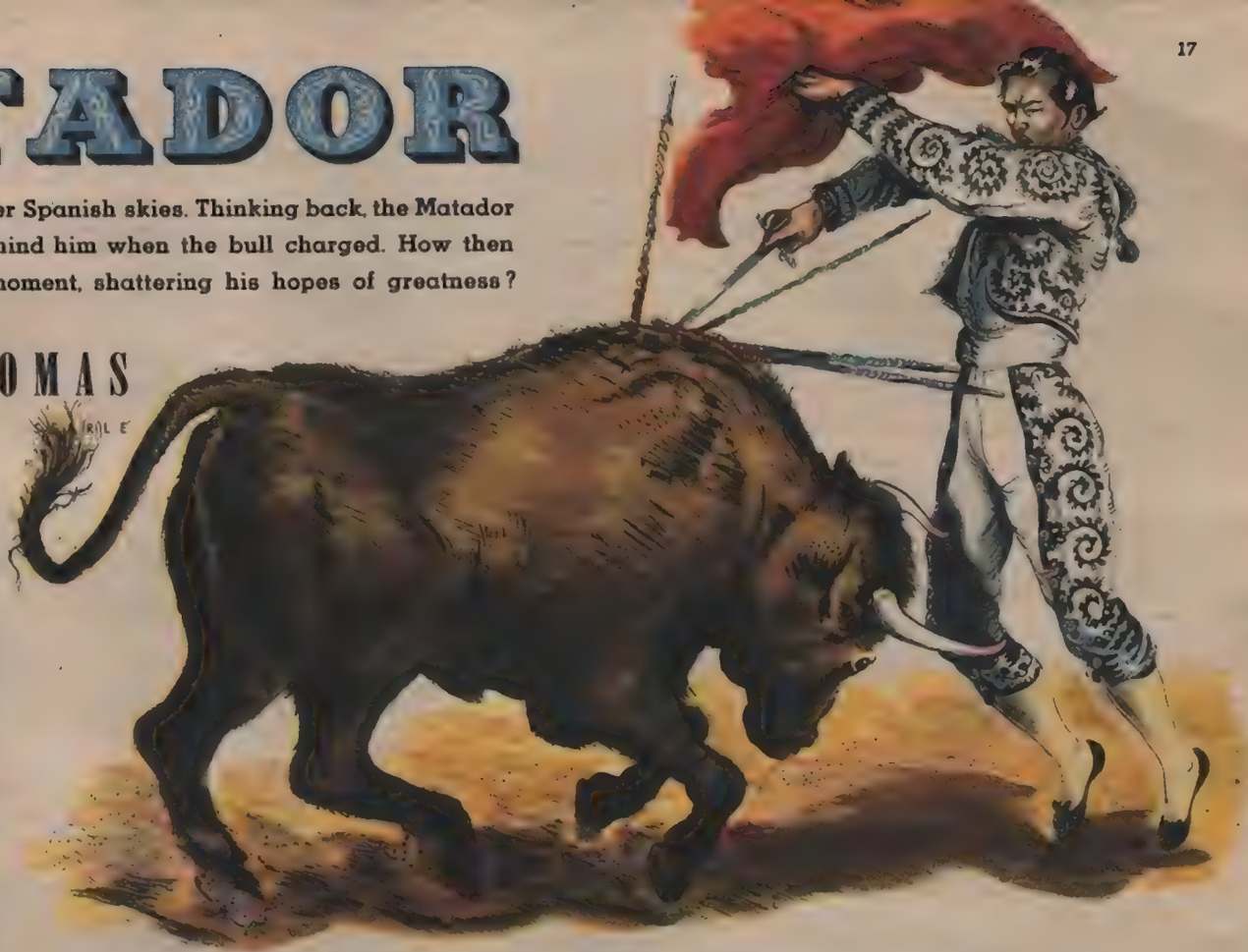
Research men are examining structure and fitting. Leicester manufacturers have been consulting with orthopaedic hospitals and schools to discover the best styles for children. Foot health depends on correct fit for the first ten years. One interesting problem for research is: Why do right-handed people wear out the left sole first?

★ ★ ★

In the war, airmen concealed a knife in one boot, so that if they landed in enemy territory they could cut down their boots, which would otherwise betray them. This recalls an old German story of a rogue who got ten gold pieces from every shoemaker in a city for the secret of how to make a hundred pairs of shoes a day. His formula was simple—buy a hundred pairs of boots and cut off the tops.

MATADOR

Love and hate clash fiercely under Spanish skies. Thinking back, the Matador remembered that the sun was behind him when the bull charged. How then did it blind him at the crucial moment, shattering his hopes of greatness?



"It was then that it happened, senor. I could not see, although I felt the blade strike . . ."

by LOREN THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD [illegible]RLE

HE CAME, this man with youth still lingering upon his swarthy features, towards my table outside the Cafe Morro, yet his gait was slow and deliberate. He walked like an old man.

"Pardon, senor," he said, sinking into the wicker chair opposite me. The waiter apparently knew him, for he served black coffee as soon as he was seated.

My glance wandered to the kerbside where I had parked the car. Powdered with dust from the long drive into Madrid from San Sebastian, it badly needed a clean. Beyond it the heat shimmering on the wide roadway created an optical illusion that people, surging around the Plaza, were quivering like marionettes. Overhead a blue-and-white striped awning provided shade for the tables.

"Would you care, senor," remarked the stranger abruptly, "to buy a ticket for the bullfight this afternoon?" His lips twisted into a smile.

"They cost but forty pesetas," he added, wistfully. A swift picture flooded my mind. The arena in San Sebastian two days ago. A maimed horse and a matador who could not kill, the shower of cushions and, above everything else, the full-throated baying of the crowd at a clumsy exhibition.

"Not for me," I answered. "A long drive, you understand. It is better in the shade with iced lager."

"A long journey, senor?"

"From San Sebastian."

"Ah, yes. It will be cooler than Madrid. I know it well, senor, for San Sebastian gave me my first appearance as a full matador. I was paid four thousand pesetas. A huge sum it seemed in those days." He sighed heavily.

So that was it. A broken down torero clinging to his memories beneath the high walls of the Plaza that would always revive them. There would be a story. That type breeds them.

"Now you no longer fight, Senor . . .?" I encouraged.

"Ramon Ortaga."

"Of course! . . . Senor Ortaga?"

"I no longer fight. My legs—perhaps you noticed the limping? Now—" he displayed the roll of tickets—"now, senor, I sell these."

"It must be thirsty work on such a day," I commented. Then I asked him what he would like to drink and he told me. The waiter came back with the order. A bottle of Fundador, two bottles of lager and a spare glass upon the tray.

"Your good health, Senor Ortaga," I said. "If those tickets can wait perhaps you will tell me about the life of a toreador?"

"It is a kindness that you should trouble to listen." And over that table, with the dust rising in little clouds each time a vehicle passed, he told me this story:

"I will not, senor," he began, "tell you about my early struggles. Suffice to say that at twelve years of age I had been taught to handle the cape and muleta. It was the wish of my father. Years before that my grandfather reared one of the finest strains of fighting bulls on the plains of Pamplona. I would prefer to tell you of my last fight here in the capital.

"My contract was but barely half completed for the season and for this fight alone I was to be paid ten thousand pesetas. Yes, good money, senor. But expenses were heavy. This, my first appearance in Madrid, demanded I should purchase a new jacket. Black and silver. For three thousand pesetas there could not be a finer one in all Spain!"

The dark eyes flashed as he visualized the splendour of it. He drained his glass, then refilled it. Upon the rim of the tray the fingers of his left hand beat a nervous tattoo.

"Yes, senor," he continued, "it was a fine coat. I was so proud to wear it. I was paying my picadors each three hundred and fifty pesetas, my banderillero* five hundred and fifty. Also, I was sending to the newspaper writers my card and a hundred pesetas with each. That is expected—a favourable report can result. Ah, those critics! Many a matador fails because he will not pay. . . .

"WHY do I tell you all this, senor? Because that was my trouble. Money. My banderillero was Juan Tortilla. He knew every move in the arena. There was no better exponent in my team. But now, when we came to Madrid, he thought fit to demand a further hundred pesetas! You will see that I could not expect to make much profit out of this—my first fight in the capital—but the prestige, if the performance is sound, is colossal. 'Did you hear Ramon Ortaga killed well in Madrid?' 'Yes, it is so.'

"I say to Juan, 'You ask too much. Patience. My first fight here and again you want more money! Have I already killed the bulls and so easily?

"'Juan'—I place my hands on his shoulders—'you are a fine banderillero. Nobody places the sticks better than yourself. I would like to give you more money just for Marcheta's sake alone. Such a beautiful senorita, Juan! Just now it is out of the question.

"'One day, soon perhaps, you two will marry. And one day I hope to be the best matador in Spain and you, Juan, the best paid banderillero in the country!'

"Yes, senor, that is what I said. But there were things I did not say. This Marcheta and I had quarrelled before on this matter. She was always pestering me about Juan's salary. I know she wanted him to leave my team and try as a matador himself. She had a bitter tongue, senor. How could I say this to Juan? A month previous, at Valencia, she sneered openly at me just before I went into the arena and the memory of it so affected my display that it was a mercy the bull did not kill me.

"Now it would seem the trouble would begin again in Madrid. There is a saying in the cafes—you may have heard?—that bulls do not destroy matadors as quickly as the women. I believe that. I knew Juan was dissatisfied and yet I could do no more for him. Later, when I had just completed attiring myself for the arena, word came to me that Marcheta wished to see me outside the dressing room. I went out to meet her. She is very lovely, this one.

"There would be none more beautiful in the crowd that afternoon. But, as I approached her, I could see the anger smouldering in her flashing eyes. I should have heeded the warning then, senor, for in that moment also I saw stark hatred.

"'So!' she exclaims, 'You must wear a fine jacket, Senor Ramon, yet cannot afford my Juan a better wage. Such gratitude for the one who has done most to get you to Madrid. Look!'—she opened a handbag and I saw the mirror inside trembling with her passion—'read what the critics write of Juan!'

"I glanced at the cuttings. The usual stuff, senor. I said, 'Do not distress yourself, senorita, I beg of you. I have already spoken about this to Juan. I ask you to worry me no longer. Now the other matadors are waiting inside for me. We are about to draw for the bulls. It is most necessary that I should not be disturbed.' Senor, she was so angry that I thought she would strike me. I turned on my heel and left her in the passage.

"So we drew for the bulls. My hand shook as I drew my slip. Why did that woman interrupt at such a time? I looked at the slip I held. The other matadors were joking at me, for I had drawn the Miura bull—the largest bull in the enclosure. That morning as they had been driven through the streets it hooked a man foolish enough to attempt to bait it with an opened umbrella. At the infirmary it was stated he would not live. Very carefully would I have to handle this brute. It would be the first fight on. I went back and gathered my team. Together we went into the arena for the parade.

"We saluted the president. I was nervous standing there, feeling the heat from the sand through my shoes and staring up at those tiers upon tiers of faces. A good kill and they would acclaim me, a mistake and then their roars of abuse. Then, most curious, senor, I saw Marcheta again. Strange, that among that vast crowd, I should notice her.

"She wore a white dress—perhaps it was that—and long black gloves touching

*Assistant who stabs the bull in the neck with dart-like "sticks" known as banderillas.

her elbows. Upon her hair was a black lace mantilla. She was seated eight tiers back from the barrier, very erect and cool although the sunlight was glaring and shining full into her face. I bowed in her direction. It was no good, I decided, Tortilla would have to leave my team. I would tell him after the performance. . . .

"I crossed to the barrier. Garcia, my sword handler, said, 'They are as razors. I have given them special attention.' It was comforting to look at those swords, senor, glittering on the scarlet cushion. I tested the blades. 'Be careful,' whispered Garcia, 'your bull is tricky and strong.' I nodded. My mind could no longer be distracted. The bull was dangerous. Well, I must be a match for it!

"I was prepared for a raging bull, but the rage of a woman—ah, that is a different thing. They can do the most unexpected things. And, senor, how can one prepare for the unexpected?

"I returned to the team, setting them to their appointed positions. Then the bell rang and the gate swung open. We were right about that Miura. In a solid rushing mass he came out. Never before had I seen more formidable horns. Little puffs of sand were kicked up by those thundering hooves.

"I swung the cape, passing it swiftly without breaking the charge and it kept straight on towards my picador. His horse reared up as the picador narrowed the target. He was a little slow and the horse, well, it was old. Those sweeping horns found it, but, before horse and rider went down, he drove the pic in hard. A good placing between the shoulders.

"We moved in, waving capes frantically to divert the bull's attention from the man on the ground.

"He was unhurt and reached the barrier unaided. Three times that beast was pic-ed before Juan Tortilla placed the banderillas. Two pairs. Feinting cleverly, Juan drew the applause from the crowd — sliding one way, then as quickly pivoting in the reverse direction. I took one swift glance up at Marcheta as Juan was placing the sticks.

"Whatever her feelings were towards me, she loved this man. Senor, Juan Tortilla was her whole life. Her tense expression at the danger, her obvious relief that Juan was avoiding it. Her eyes were for him only.

"How I worked that bull, senor, with my cape-work! My confidence had returned. The Miura was charging straight, which is the answered prayer of all matadors. I worked in the bull's terrain, so close that once as I swung the cape his left horn plucked the embroidered buttons from my knee. How that mob gasped! Belmonte himself or even the great Joselito could not surpass that display. I turned him to the right, then to the left with a series of naturals, pulling him out of the charges and leaving him bewildered and snorting.

"As the bell jangled again I walked away from him with the cape across my arm and the crowd rose to me. At the barrier I accepted the sword from Garcia. 'Watch closely, amigo,' he warned, 'the bull is still hooking both ways.'

"With the muleta I repeated what I had done with the cape until the Miura's head was lowered. Although I was sweating, my wrists were strong. I decided on the most daring manoeuvre a matador can attempt. Like this: instead of approaching the bull to go in thrusting the sword between the shoulders for the kill, the matador incites a charge, profiles squarely with the blade and permits the charge to run him straight at the sword. Ah, senor, not a finish will you see like that in a season's bull fighting!

"Madrid would surely remember Ramon Ortaga. . . . I caressed the ground with the muleta, goading the animal. Beyond, somewhere in that sea of faces, Marcheta would now be watching me and would see the smile that hovered on my lips. The Miura pawed, then charged.

"Out of the folds of the muleta I drew the sword and profiled. It was then that it happened, senor.

"At that crucial moment, with the bull almost upon me, the sun caught my eyes. I could not see, although I felt the blade strike—I heard afterwards that it caught the shoulder bone—before it was plucked from my hand. As I was rolled over by the goring, my mouth and nostrils were choked with the sand. Then I could not feel the pain, only a numbness in my legs.

"Somehow the team managed to draw the Miura away from me. I do not know how it was done, senor. They carried me to Doctor Gittalno, who cut the trousers from my legs. There was a mist of faces looking down at me. 'Keep still,' the doctor said, 'or I can do nothing. You have two wounds and the femoral arteries are severed.'

"As he worked on me the pain came. Shrieking, I was moved to the infirmary. I was in there four months. It is a long time. Juan visited me. He sat at the bedside twisting his hat and ill at ease.

"'You will get better, Ramon, they tell me,' he said.

"'I shall get better, Juan.'

"'That is good. Marcheta wishes you well, Ramon.'

"'She could not come?'

"'I did not wish it. This infirmary is a gloomy place.'

"'Yes,' I agreed, 'How are you earning now?'

He shrugged. 'A little here or there. I wanted to tell you about that. Ramon, you will be unable to fight again in the arena.'

"'It is true, Juan.'

"'So! It would be a pity to lose the team. They work well and now they need money. Ramon, I have decided to try myself as matador. It should not be so difficult for me. You will not object?'

"'No, Juan. It is for the best. You must be careful. There are many pitfalls being a matador.'

"'I shall be careful, of course. Ramon, I have to do this, you see I—we——'

"'You are to be married, perhaps?'

"'Next Sunday at Castro de Cordoba.'

"'When I am free to leave here, Juan, I must send you both a wedding gift.'

"'You are generous, Ramon.' Muttering his thanks, he rose, still fidgeting with his hat, and walked out of the ward.

"Yes, senor, four months I spent there. It was too hot sometimes to sleep at night, and then my mind would wander back to that arena. Perhaps my story suggests something to you, senor?" He broke off sharply, staring at me. The waiter was collecting the cups and glasses.

"I see nothing, my friend," I said, "except an error of judgment. It was an accident, eh?"

"No, senor," he continued. "You may remember me telling you that Juan's senorita was seated in the full glare of the sunlight and that I was facing her when the bull charged. How then, I ask myself, did the sun get into my eyes?

"It was reflected, senor. That is the only explanation. That mirror in her handbag. That is how it was done. Quite neat. Do you guess what my wedding gift was? A mirror with a frame carved with the heads of fighting bulls. Most appropriate, senor, and my way of telling her I *knew*."

"What happened to Juan Tortilla?" I asked.

My companion frowned. "He has done well," he admitted, "as a matador. Not very popular with the crowds, for Juan is cautious. Marcheta is anxious that he takes no risks. As much as she hated me she must love that man.

"It is a pity you do not require a ticket, for this afternoon Tortilla appears in Madrid. But already I have spoken too long. Now I must watch him doing my work."

He smiled. "Perhaps, senor, you will accept this as a memento of our conversation and some slight return for the bottle of Fundador." He opened a large wallet and extracted a photograph.

I looked at it. Ramon Ortaga, very proud, with a cape across his arm and wearing a montera.

"Thank you, Senor Ortaga," I said. My eyes wandered again to the wallet lying opened on the table. He got up slowly from the chair, replaced his wallet and we shook hands. I watched him limping towards the Plaza until he had mingled with the crowd.

THAT evening, in my hotel, I learned the truth of the story. A group of newswriters were talking excitedly in the lounge. Hearing one use the word "dead," I interrupted their conversation.

"Did I hear you say Tortilla?" I queried.

A thin, sallow, bespectacled man clutched my arm. "Surely you heard, senor!" he exclaimed. "All Madrid talks of it. Tortilla was killed in the arena this afternoon. A dreadful affair! I was just saying, it is a great mistake for a matador's wife to watch the bullfight. This one has taken it bad. Now she is up at the chapel with the body and her grief. It is most terrible, senor." He tapped his forehead significantly. "Yes, I fear for her reason. She is moaning that he was murdered! I repeat, wives should not be allowed to watch!"

Then they all started jabbering together and I couldn't hear the rest of it. All I could think of at that moment was that wallet on the table of the Cafe Morro. In it I had noticed a brightly polished metal mirror. The kind some men use for shaving. . . .

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

It's a Sin

IF anyone asked me what I thought the most dangerous vice in the world today I fancy I should surprise him. I would not name any of the things that the world considers to be "sins."

I would point unhesitatingly to something that everybody practises to the detriment of other people. I would say emphatically that the world's most deadly sin is **thoughtlessness**.

It is not the really big things that upset people. You can make plans to cope with big problems. It is the little things that sting and irritate, fray tempers, and set nerves on edge.

Now thoughtlessness is just one of these little things. You can call it lack of consideration for others. It leads to all sorts of unnecessary burdens being put on other people; all sorts of little injustices that rankle.

Don't think for a moment that I imagine most people would be thoughtless if they had the least idea what they were doing. They would be horrified if they could see into others' minds and watch the results of their carelessness.

And that suggests the remedy, doesn't it? Before we speak or act, let's just think how others are likely to take us. That's all.

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

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DUNLOP
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the standard by which all tyres are judged

THE chief defect of Thomas Smelt
Was *nagging pain below his belt.*
He'd put his vittles down the hatch
And go off to his football match.
He'd feel all right, and pleased to hop it —
But soon, by jiminy, he'd cop it!
And ere the half-time whistle went,
Oh! What a sad predicament!
The dull, dead pain — the hopeless look —
As Tom his homeward tramcar took. . . .

What did Tom take? HE TOOK ADVICE:
He saw his doctor (who was nice)
And learned that tummy-ache *can* be
Just nothing but acidity.
Or else it's serious. IF IT IS,
Your doctor knows, the job is his.
But if it's not — why, tra-la-la!
Then Rennies' balanced formula
(Antacid tablets, wrapped up neat—
You suck one slowly, like a sweet)
Will end all fear of stomach pain
And make your life a joy again!

• • •

Rennies' five-fold formula quickly, but gently, neutralizes *excess acid* — restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From chemists — separately wrapped, convenient to carry.

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'Alasil' tablets are the modern improved form of aspirin, produced by the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories. One reason for their exceptional efficiency is that they combine the highest quality aspirin with 'Alocol'—well known to doctors for its soothing and protective influence on the stomach.

As a result of this scientific development 'Alasil' is made generally acceptable, even to those with sensitive digestions. 'Alasil' tablets have the advantage of breaking up at once on the tongue, or in a little water. Thus they are easily swallowed and quick in action. They represent an important advance in the relief of pain, and are widely prescribed by Doctors, Dental Surgeons and Specialists.

Why not benefit from this scientific progress? Next time you need an aspirin take an 'Alasil,' and note the difference. Take 'Alasil' for HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, COLDS and CHILLS, RHEUMATIC PAIN, SLEEPLESSNESS, and PERIODIC PAINS.

In Bottles, 1/5, 1/11½ and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax)

Prescribed by Doctors Everywhere
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Is your cat a silent sufferer?

If your cat is drowsy, idle, listless, he urgently needs your help. But don't wait until these danger-signs appear. Give him one 'Tibs' Cat Powder every day and he will get those correctives which cats in their natural state get from herbs and certain grasses. He will take 'Tibs' readily in food or drink. 'Tibs' will help to keep him fit and frisky, keen to play and quick to purr—always at concert-pitch.

★ *9 powders for 7d., 27 for 1/6 from chemists and corn merchants. A product of Bob Martin Limited, Southport, Lancashire.*

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JB

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

BEST YEAR OF THEIR LIVES

THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE has gone up, but the spirits of many fourteen-year-old children have gone down with a bump. In my experience as a teacher, I find few children in love with the idea of the extra year at school.

It is not that they dislike school, but that they so passionately want to be out in the world earning their own living.

I should like to appeal to all parents to help teachers with their jobs.

Make Tom and Mary understand that this extra year at school, if taken in the proper spirit, may be the most profitable in their lives. On our side, we teachers will touch off new interests, try new methods of approach in the classroom.

But we need the co-operation of parents, who must make their children realize that the extra year at school is not a leash holding them back but a passport to wider experience and real adventure in the years to come.—R. J. S., Pontnewydd, Newport, Mon.

An Agnostic's View

AS AN AGNOSTIC, I would like to comment on the Rev. W. E. Purcell's article, "How Pagan Are We?" (JOHN BULL, April 5). Mr. Purcell looks back to seventy years ago when "we were one of the most religious among highly civilized nations that the world had ever known."

In fact, seventy years ago, in England, poverty and squalor were rife among the masses.

It is obvious to the intelligence of the present generation that religion is only a formality and that it habitually ranges itself on the side of the wealthy and the powerful.

Religion can no longer serve as a weapon in the hands of the politician.—WALTER LONGSHAW, 5 Chapel Street, Horwich, Bolton, Lancs. (Guinea to Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital as requested.)

Courageous . . .

I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE in publishing the article on present-day paganism. May not the conditions mentioned by your able contributor be taken as another proof of the truth of the Bible in which they were clearly foretold?

II Peter, 3 Chap., 3 ver: ". . . Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts."—JAMES E. ODEY, Croft, Nr. Leicester. (Guinea to Leicester Royal Infirmary as requested.)

. . . Inspiring

THE OTHER EVENING I was very interested in the address given by a visiting minister in our local church.

He told me afterwards that it was inspired by Mr. Purcell's article in JOHN BULL.—MRS. W. KNOWLES, 3 Highfield Cottages, May Bank, Newcastle, Staffs.

Scripture-dodgers

MR. PURCELL QUOTES a claim that religious instruction is given adequately in our schools.

In many schools it is not. The teachers, overburdened with extra tasks such as savings arrangements and school meals, often use the scripture period to "do their books," while the children are left to "private study."—WILLIAM HODGSON, 25 Duke Street, West Hartlepool.

Home from Home

RELUCTANTLY I LEFT a good home to go into "digs" as a transferred worker. I had read bad reports about landladies and was a bit nervous when I got to my base in the Midlands.

But I found a landlady who is like a mother to her lodgers. She is up soon after five in the morning to call us and get us a good breakfast. She gives us sandwiches, and at night there is always a good meal waiting for us. There is no need to go out. We have a comfortable sitting-room, and a hot drink

". . . a mother to her lodgers"

before we go to bed. I really believe our landlady and her daughter go without their sugar ration so that none of the boarders is short.—R. CHAPMAN, 41 York Road, Northampton.

"Bolshie" Bogey

I WONDER WHAT WOULD BE the reaction of anti-Government circles if, instead of American crews, Russian ones were found manning the captured ships of illegal Jewish immigrants to Palestine?

Because I refuse blindly to condemn Russia for imperialistic aims, I am called a "Bolshie" by members of our own arch-imperialistic party.—H. D. WEBBER, 2 Fairview, Colyford, Devon.

Soviet Bloomer

WE HAVE ALL HEARD the Communists singing about unity of the human race. But the Russians have been very tough about allowing a few of their women who have married Britons to come to live in this country. Surely this narrow-minded dictatorship does not tend to unify.—H. EDWARDS, 14 Upper Wellheads, Limekilns, Dunfermline.

Spit Image

YESTERDAY I WAS DISCUSSING with some women whether it was possible to distinguish any likeness between a new-born baby and its parents.

Yes, said the ladies. They could, they claimed, pick out their own child from half a dozen others without having seen the baby before. I wonder.—W. CLARKE, 24 Abbey Road, Cwmbran, Newport, Mon.

To See is to Prejudge

IN MY OPINION, the accused in any murder trial should remain behind a screen. All the evidence could be conveyed by a two-way loudspeaker system.

An accused person's appearance must inevitably prejudice the jury. This is bad.—W. A. LEES, 9 Victoria Buildings, Coralie Street, Birmingham 18.

•.• The demeanour of the accused is, however, usually an important and recognized part of the evidence, which may influence the jury for, as well as against, him.—EDITOR.

Call of the Mine

A YEAR AGO I was released from the Army and returned to my old trade as a plasterer.

Wages in the building industry have not risen with the cost of living, and, with the shorter hours and bad weather of winter, things became so bad that I decided recently to leave the trade and make a fresh start down the coal mine.

I shall thus be assured of a decent wage every week of the year, and will be serving the community to the best of my ability. But will my addition to the coal force compensate for my loss to the building force?—A. TRUSSELL, 21 High Street, Kimberley, Notts.

Famine—and Glut

SO, WITH COAL ALLOCATIONS to the paper mills cut down, book production is to be halved. School programmes are likely to be badly hit by a shortage

". . . scrap half their forms"

of textbooks and the country as a whole will suffer a serious blow.

May we now expect Government departments to follow the publishers' compulsory lead and scrap half their forms, appendices, schedules and official instructions? — E. ROYSE PRITCHARD, 259 Ledbury Road, Tupsley, Hereford.

Wives Who Can't Cope

WHY DO PEOPLE RESENT housework? Good home-keeping is still as necessary as ever, and when done joyously—which means with competence—it gives joy to others.

Many broken marriages are directly due to domestic incompetence and the ill-temper caused by frayed nerves—both of the wife who realizes she cannot "cope," and of the disappointed husband who misses the comfort of a real home.—MRS. ANN LACY, Newport, Mon.

Home-grown Tobacco

IN the recent "Talking Points about Smoking" in JOHN BULL it is stated that tobacco was cultivated in Yorkshire and in Scotland in the seventeenth century.

It was also cultivated in the Home Counties and in Gloucestershire. Until quite recently some of the old tobacco warehouses still stood in Winchcombe, near Cheltenham, and a field there is still known as "Tobacco Close."

During the American Civil War in the sixties, tobacco was again grown in England and Scotland, as the blockade by Federal warships had led to a tobacco famine in this country.—ALFRED A. DUNHILL, 30 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

Dreadful Suspicion

AT OUR SCHOOL we have dinners cooked at the school or we can bring our own dinner. A little while ago, our school bus ran over a dog and the driver was seen walking back to school holding it (the dead dog) by the back legs.

Next day for dinner we had minced meat. No one could eat it. Most of the children who travelled on the bus brought their own dinner the next day. In case my headmaster should read this, will you put—R. A., Devon.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

PRISONS

(1) What are "Star" prisoners? (2) Who was the woman who changed the "hell above ground" of Newgate Prison into "a scene where stillness and propriety reigned"? (3) How did the Borstal institutions get their name? (4) What are "minimum security" prisons? (5) Which is the London jail for women?

HORSES

(1) Why do herds of wild horses habitually move against the wind? (2) Who made his horse a consul and high priest? (3) Whose horses were Black Bess; Bucephalus? (4) What is the origin of the term "horse-power"? (5) Can you solve this ancient riddle: a chieftain bequeathed his estate to the son whose horse came in *second* in a race, yet both sons tried to win the race; why?

COUNTIES

(1) Which is the county of "tre, pol and pen," and what are they? (2) Can you name the county towns of Northumberland, Dorset, Cumberland, Devon? (3) Which are the six counties stretching along the south coast? (4) Which counties are divided into "ridings," "lathes," "rapes"? (5) Name the largest and the smallest English counties.

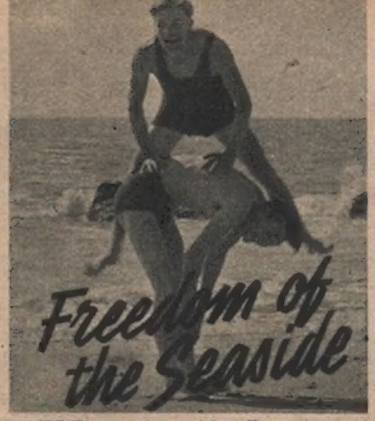
FAMOUS PAIRS

These people have all been given wrong partners; can you put them right? (1) Balaam and Heloise. (2) Beaumont and Sankey. (3) Hansel and Dixon. (4) Roland and Sullivan. (5) William and Jonathan.

POLITICS

(1) Which of these are at present scheduled for nationalization: land, cotton industry, inland transport, electricity? (2) By what date have we promised to leave India? (3) Harold Nicolson and Fenner Brockway have joined the Labour Party; to which parties did they belong previously? (4) How many talks have been allocated to each of the parties in the current series of political broadcasts? (5) Who was the author of *Design for Freedom*, which advocated a welding of Tories and Liberals into an anti-Socialist front?

(*Answers on page 22*)



HERE, on the golden Bournemouth sands, you see a young Battersea reader—Mr. E. J. Putland—with the friend whom he invited to join him on his free *Bullets* Holiday last summer.

This year's £15,000 *Bullets* Holiday campaign is now in full swing and already sixty-six Cash-plus-Holiday awards have been won. Enter this week's effort and, besides £300 cash, your reward will be an unforgettable Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two.

Switzerland or Seaside—if you want to win your way to either this week, you *must* post your entry by Monday, May 12.

How to Make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Second £50
Third £25
3 of £10
5 cash prizes above each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

6 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5

50 SEASON TICKETS

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

OUR COUNTRY
PROSPERITY'S WINE
STONEWALLER STALIN
TO PAY OUR WAY
NATIONAL DISASTER
WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
SHORT OF MEN
DIG, DIG, DIG AND
THE NEW ARMY
SUSPICIOUS
HE'S A DIPLOMAT, SO
UP A GUM-TREE
HER PRIDE
IF IT'S REALLY NECESSARY
THREADBARE
LOVE'S MUSIC
FINE HOLIDAY
BY THE YARD
CAN'T SLEEP
SANDY'S UTOPIA

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

WELCOME .....
SOMETHING IN.....
CALLING FOR .....
LOVE OF.....
..... BOAST
GIVES.....THE HUMP

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces, half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

Competition offers appear also in *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette*—see instructions on coupon for securing issue May 24.

"Bullets" No. 1573 Result

FIRST PRIZE, £600 plus Swiss Holiday: T. H. Williams, "Shirley," 14 Landseer Road, Sutton:

It's Maddening, But Wheat Essential—"Weed" Isn't!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: C. H. W. Carder, 31 Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon: **Easy To See — Our *"Rebuilding"* Needs *Church*.**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: D. Harrison, 3 Gisburn Court, Morley: **Sport—Britain's "Weakness"** *Stimulating* **"Heart."**

FIVE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: A. W. Curtis, "Ilfracombe," Roke Road, Kenley: **Getting Up Steam—Miner, Farmer—Prosperity's "Engineers."** F. Godfrey, 123 Union Road, Sheffield: **To Cheer Us Up—Pomegranates? Pineapples? Peaches? "Nuts"!** W. C. Kitchen, 4 Crossfield Grove, Gorton: **Face Of Britain—Prefer *Our* Army Marring.** T. M. Ryan, 263 Ridgeway Road, Bristol: **Sandy's Bookie—Dropped Sixpence—Gained Yards!** Mrs. H. A. Slater, Crosgates House, Dalton-in-Furness: **Given To Sam—Whisky, To "Revive"** *John*!

FIVE PRIZES of £5: W. Beardsley, 15 Mundy Street, Ilkeston: **Encouragement Helps, So—Named Greyhound "Bad News"!** L. J. Cahill, 11a Dragon Parade, Harrogate: **Toil, Tears And Sweat—*And* Happiness, Granny's Story.** P. Cassidy, 31 Clyde Drive, Shotts: **Easy To See—*Westminster* "Gets Into"** *Member*. A. E. D'Arcy, 9 Fladgate Road, E.11: **To Cheer Us Up—Scientists Now Providing *Rain*!** E. A. Jones, S.Q.M.S., Army Pay Office, Laurentide Camp, Witley: **Solly's Argument—Tangled, Holding Wife's Wool!**

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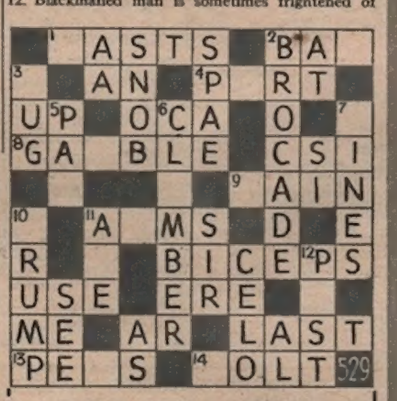
Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 17 entrants. Winner and Runners-up each receive Hampers in addition.

Across Clues Xword 529

1. It's curious to see these rising out of typical rustic scene
2. Often makes a melancholy sound
4. Barmaid is likely to get this if you ask for it
8. No statesman should do this
9. Sometimes advances in waves
11. These of some famous families were notorious
13. Few people keep a rod for these
14. It's pretty easy to do one

Down Clues

3. Actually seems to attract some rogues
5. Normally ought to leave you a margin
6. Steep crag is probably easier to
7. Some men would be punished by these
10. Is sometimes a pretty useful card
11. Feeling of this sometimes comes upon a man suddenly
12. Blackmailed man is sometimes frightened of



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390

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For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 24 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

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Adoption of Children

"I HAVE RECENTLY suffered the loss of my wife and am left with two boys, aged four and eight. If anything should happen to me I should like my boys to be legally adopted by my sister-in-law. How can I arrange this? What is it likely to cost?"

▸▸ Make a will appointing your sister-in-law as guardian of the two children. She may apply for an Adoption Order in the event of your death, but you cannot compel her to do so. If she applies without the aid of a solicitor the cost would be very slight. A solicitor may charge from £5 to £10.

Claim for Refund

"THREE MONTHS AGO my wife had her eyes tested by a local optician and paid £2 for the lenses. When she called for the spectacles she found them unsuitable. When she called again they were no better—she could not see with them. If she goes to another optician and gets suitable lenses from him, can she claim the return of her money from the first man?"

▸▸ In the circumstances stated your wife appears to be entitled to return the lenses and reclaim the money paid for them.

No Customs Duty

"LAST NOVEMBER I purchased a Marconi radiogram for £29 11s. 6d., which included purchase tax. I shall soon be leaving for India and want to take the radiogram with me. Shall I have to declare it to the Customs? If so, how much shall I have to pay?"

▸▸ When passing through the Customs Office on leaving the country your wireless set should be declared as "personal effects," and no export licence will be required. There will be no Customs duty.

Guarantor's Liability

"IN 1939 A FELLOW WORKER borrowed £20 from a moneylender. His wife and I were the two guarantors. We two men went into the Army. By 1943 my friend's wife had repaid £14, but my friend has died and his wife cannot be found. The moneylender holds me responsible for the balance of £6 which is still due. Can he make me pay?"

▸▸ You appear to be still liable under the guarantee, but it would be advisable to have an assurance that £6 is the final settlement before you make the payment.

Employer's Contributions

"A MAN IN MY PART-TIME employ received 10s. pension at sixty-five and 26s. a few months later. I pay him £1 a week without deduction from his 26s. I cannot find out whether I ought to stamp a card for him. The employment exchange say it is not their business; the approved society's agent said 'no'; the post office first said 'no' and then 'yes.' Will you be good enough to tell me the answer?"

▸▸ You should stamp a contribution card for each week the man is employed by you. The weekly rate payable is 2s., and no part of this must be deducted from his wages.

Sickness Benefit

"I HAVE BEEN IN receipt of sickness benefit since August, 1944, and my doctor does not expect me to be able to work again. I receive 13s. a week for wife and self and should like to know how to obtain extended benefit to carry me on till the National Health Act comes into operation."

▸▸ You cannot claim any benefit in addition to National Health Insurance Disablement Benefit, which you are receiving. Extended unemployment benefit is not allowed when one is in receipt of National Health Insurance Benefit.

Compulsory Insurance

"A MAN'S NET SALARY is £5 a week, but with his commission and bonus his annual income is over £420. Should he be a compulsory contributor under National Health Insurance, or is he not included in this class of employees?"

▸▸ When determining the rate of remuneration of a man in non-manual employment, commission or bonus is included. If his total income exceeds £420 a year he is no longer compulsorily insurable.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

PRISONS. (1) "Second division" prisoners, who are segregated from "old lags." (2) Elizabeth Fry. (3) From the village of Borstal, in Kent, the site of the first one. (4) Prisons without bars, as at Wakefield, where good conduct prisoners are on their honour not to run away. (5) Holloway.

HORSES. (1) To pick up early scent of possible enemies. (2) Caligula. (3) Dick Turpin's; Alexander the Great's. (4) Watt found that a dray horse could raise an average weight of 22,000 lb. one foot high per minute; he added fifty per cent, giving 33,000 foot-pounds per minute. (5) They exchanged horses and rode each other's.

COUNTIES. (1) Cornwall; "tre" means house, "pol" pool, and "pen" height. (2) Alnwick, Dorchester, Carlisle, Exeter. (3) Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, Kent. (4) Yorkshire; Kent; Sussex. (5) Yorkshire; Rutland.

FAMOUS PAIRS. (1) Balaam and his ass; Abelard and Heloise (lovers). (2) Beaumont and Fletcher (Elizabethan playwrights); Moody and Sankey (evangelists). (3) Hansel and Gretel (fairy-tale characters); Mason and Dixon (surveyors who fixed the boundary between Pennsylvania and the slave states). (4) Roland and Oliver (Charlemagne's equally matched knights); Gilbert and Sullivan (Savoy operas). (5) William and Mary (sovereigns); David and Jonathan (biblical friends).

POLITICS. (1) Inland transport, electricity. (2) June, 1948. (3) National Labour, I.L.P. (4) Six to Labour, five to the Conservatives, one to the Liberals. (5) Captain Peter Thorneycroft, M.P.

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